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HOMES AND HAUNTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

BUT : NONE : UNITE : IN : ONE : ATTACHING : MAZE
THE : BRILLIANT : FAIR : AND : SOFT :: THE : GLORIES : OF : OLD : DAYS



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The Homes and Haunts of
Sir Walter Scott

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THE
HOMES AND HAUNTS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY
GEORGE G. NAPIER, M.A.
AUTHOR OF "THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF TENNYSON"

GLASGOW
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Publishers to the University
1897

PREFACE

IT has been my delight and privilege to make frequent 'raids' into Scott's country, and to study and photograph the localities rendered classic by his genius.

Encouraged by the reception given to *The Homes and Haunts of Tennyson*, which was published five years ago, I have found pleasure in preparing a similar volume on Sir Walter Scott.

For my first book, the difficulty was to get sufficient reliable information; for this, it has been to collate from the superabundance of authorities, of which the chief must always be Lockhart's great biography.

I am much indebted to The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford for allowing me to reproduce the miniatures of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street for the portrait of

Lockhart, to The Hon. Charles Forbes-Trefusis of Fettercairn for the picture of Lady Stuart Forbes; and my sincere thanks are due to Sir George Reid, *P.R.S.A.*, Mr. Charles Martin Hardie, *R.S.A.*, Mr. Joseph Pennell, The Hon. Andrew D. White, Mr. Tom Hunt, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Craibe Angus, and others, for the assistance they have afforded me with the illustrations. The photogravures have been engraved by Messrs. Annan of Glasgow.

I also gratefully acknowledge the help I obtained from Miss Russell of Ashestiel, Mr. T. J. S. Roberts of Selkirk, Mr. Jonathan Bouchier, Mr. W. Munro Sandison, and Mr. David Douglas, the editor of Scott's "Journal."

G. G. N.

ORCHARD,
WEST KILBRIDE, N.B.,
August, 1897.

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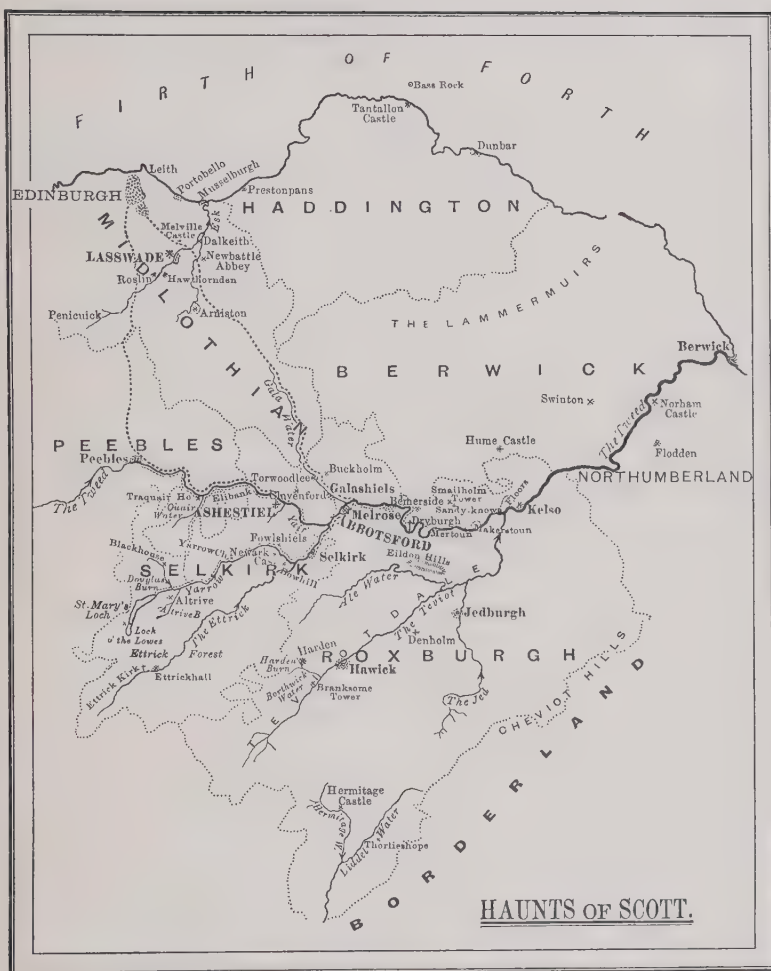
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Edinburgh

“ Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town ! ”



EDINBURGH



EDINBURGH

THE Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, or the districts specially associated with his life and work, lie in the south-eastern part of Scotland, within the counties of Midlothian, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Berwick.

Born in Edinburgh in 1771, and bred on the Borders, Scott, after his marriage, resided first at Lasswade, a Midlothian village in the valley of the

Esk, a few miles east of his "own romantic town." Shortly after his appointment to the Sheriffship of Selkirkshire in 1799, he became the tenant of Ashestiel—a lone country house in Ettrick Forest. Some years later, he purchased land in Roxburghshire, and on the banks of the Tweed, built the famous mansion house of Abbotsford. Here he spent fully twenty years of his active life, here in 1832 he died, and in Dryburgh Abbey, situated in the adjoining county of Berwick, "'mid mouldering ruins low he lies."

Sir Walter Scott was sprung, both on his father's and on his mother's side, from purest Border race. He was proud of his ancient lineage, untiring in tracing his descent from his remote ancestors, and to be the founder of a distinct branch of the House of Scott was his great ambition.

The chief of the Scott family is the Duke of Buccleuch, and the original home of this, the most powerful and aggressive of all the border clans, is Branksome Tower, "a large strong house, old, but not ancient in its appearance," which stands on one of the great highways into England, three miles south-west of Hawick, in the valley of the Teviot.

“Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow’d shore;
Where’er thou wind’st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll’d upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd’s reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.”



A mile below Branksome
the Teviot is joined by the Borthwick, and up Borth-
wick water is the Baronial fortalice of Harden.
This fief, acquired in 1501 by Robert Scott of
Strickshaws, a scion of the house of Buccleuch,

passed in lineal succession to Auld Wat of Harden, the famous freebooter, who, in the precipitous glen below the house, was wont to conceal the English cattle lifted in his Border raids.

Scott, until his health failed, rarely allowed a year to pass without visiting this keep, and at one time he had serious thoughts of fitting up his ancestor's former abode as a residence for himself. Its situation is described in *Marmion*, but Leyden's reference to



Harden in his *Scenes of Infancy* seems superior, and is quoted by Lockhart in preference:

“Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale;
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.

A hardy race, who never shrank from war,
The SCOTT, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain home ;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied."

The great-grandson of Auld Wat and his wife, "the Flower of Yarrow," was a noted Jacobite, who in troublous times lost his land but won the sobriquet of Beardie, from a vow which he made to leave his beard unshorn till the restoration of the royal house of Stuart.

"Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost ;
The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard."

Beardie's second son, Robert Scott, had, from the family being thus reduced, to work for his livelihood. He turned his attention to agriculture, and prospered as tenant of Sandyknowe, a farm near Kelso.

"Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood."

This opulent farmer's eldest son, Walter Scott, was Sir Walter's father. He was the first of the family

to adopt a learned profession, and was trained as a lawyer. On completion of his indenture he became a Writer to the Signet, and joined his master's firm, of which he ultimately was the head. The prototype of Saunders Fairford, though a strict Presbyterian, he was by no means lacking in humour, and Lockhart has scarcely done justice to his geniality.

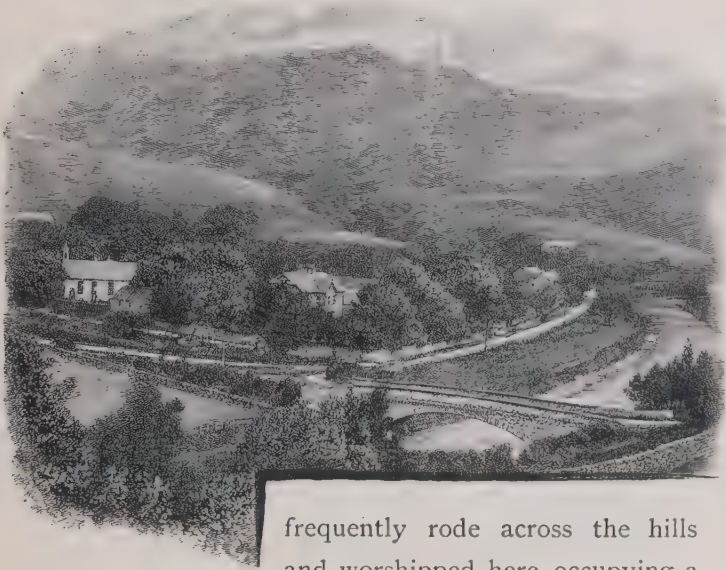
While Sir Walter undoubtedly inherited his love of sport and out-of-door life from the Scotts, it may be surmised that his mental powers were derived from his mother's family—"the hot and hardy Rutherfords," also an old Border race.

Close to the low haugh, where the combat depicted in the well-known ballad of *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow* is supposed to have taken place, stands Yarrow Kirk. The manse is of recent date, and stands between the kirk and the river, the whole forming a picture of comfort and retirement. Alexander Anderson in his poem on Yarrow tersely depicts the scene :

"Far down below was Yarrow Manse,
Within its little woodland hiding,
And by it, like a silver glance,
The stream itself was gliding."

Scott's maternal great-grandfather, the Rev. John

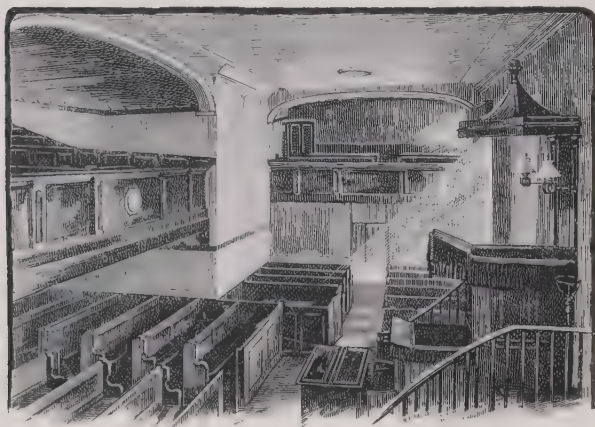
Rutherford, was the first minister ordained to this charge after the Revolution, and thus Yarrow Kirk is closely connected with Sir Walter. When he resided at Ashestiel (which is in the parish of Yarrow), he



frequently rode across the hills and worshipped here, occupying a pew on the right of the pulpit. After service, before mounting his horse, he would occasionally linger at "the shrine of his ancestors," a name he gave to the mural tablet attached to the outside wall erected near the grave of the pious minister.

Rendered into English the inscription reads thus :

Thou wast a faithful pastor, a beloved father,
a sure friend, a gentle master, a kind husband
and son-in-law. Submissive to the Divine will,
thou didst lay down a pure and useful life after
many well-spent years. Supremely blessed, thy
fame lingers among the lofty hills and by the
green banks of Yarrow, while thy soul has
passed above the stars !



This quaint epitaph was composed by the minister's son, Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. The professor married Miss Swinton of Swinton, and their only surviving

daughter was Anne Rutherford—Scott's mother. Mrs. Scott was a grand old lady, and Sir Walter tells that she had been so carefully trained in her youth that even when approaching fourscore she was most particular not to touch with her shoulders the back of her chair, and although, as she grew in years, she did not become more comely, yet to the last she was most solicitous about her personal appearance, and her special injunction to the artist who painted her portrait was, "Mak' me bonnie, mak' me bonnie."

Having thus pictured Scott's progenitors, his birth and birthplace claim attention. Though the cottage where Burns was born is known to all, and annually attracts many thousands, few have enthusiasm enough to make much inquiry after the precise locality where Scott first drew breath. He may be said to have been born under the shadow of St. Giles', Edinburgh at the time of his birth having scarcely begun to stretch her wings across the Mound, but consisting merely of the Old Town. The Old Town again contained one leading street, the High Street, running up from Holyrood to the Castle.

"The principal or great street," wrote Major

Topham from Edinburgh in 1774 (three years after Scott's birth), "runs along the ridge of a very high hill, which, taking its rise from the palace of Holyrood House, ascends, and not very gradually, for the length of a mile and a quarter, and after opening a spacious area, terminates in the Castle. The famous street at Lisle, la Rue royale, leading to the port of Tournay, which is said to be the finest in Europe, is not to be compared either in length or breadth to the High Street at Edinburgh. The style of building here is much like the French; the houses, however, in general are higher, as some rise to twelve, and one in particular to thirteen stories in height, but to the front of the street nine or ten stories is the common run."

This street was a favourite haunt of Scott's in his boyish days, the house of his maternal uncle, Dr. Rutherford, being situate there; and

"The antique buildings climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky"

are frequently pictured in his poems and novels.

"How often have I seen him," says Lockhart, "go a long way round about rather than miss the

opportunity of passing through some of the quaint windings of the ancient city. His coachman knew him too well to move at a Jehu's pace amidst such



scenes. No funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate, and not a queer, tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendour or of bloodshed."

Running parallel to the High Street, though on a

lower level, is the Cowgate, where, says Alexander



Allesse in his description of Edinburgh in 1532, *nihil est humile aut rusticum, sed omnia magnifica!*

Off the Cowgate runs a web of wynds, among which is the College Wynd, so called because it was once the chief approach to the Edinburgh University.

“No description or drawing,” says Mr. Kerr, in his notes to Drummond’s *Old Edinburgh*, “could convey an adequate idea of the picturesque appearance of this remarkable place, with

its old timber gables and overhanging fronts, formed in successive stages, and occasionally broken by galleries and other quaint bracketed projections. Whether viewed from the top or bottom of the steep-inclined street, the outline was curiously diversified by the angular or round turret stairs, and occasional abrupt projecting corners, thrown out to make space for an outside stair.”

At the head of the north side of the College Wynd,



• COLLEGE WYND • EDINBURGH •
• BIRTHPLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT •

directly opposite the great gateway of the University, stood a house of plain aspect, consisting of four stories, the two lower floors being the residence of a Mr. Keith and the upper ones the home of Walter Scott, W.S., access to the latter being gained by a turn-pike stair leading up from a little court behind. In one of these upper stories Scott was born on August 15th, 1771. He was the ninth child, and the last of his family born there, his father having shortly after his birth removed to a new house at No. 25 George Square. On his removal, the flats were let to Mr. Dundas of Philipstown, but afterwards, as the tenement stood on the line necessary for the opening up of a street along the north of the University, the building was purchased by the town, and taken down about the close of last century.

In 1825, Sir Walter, happening to be in this part of Edinburgh, pointed out to Dr. Robert Chambers the site of his birthplace. The ground was then occupied by a woodyard, separated from North College Street merely by a fence. It continued to be used for the same purpose for fully twenty years after Scott's visit, and Howitt tells that he found it in this condition when he made a pilgrimage thither in 1845.

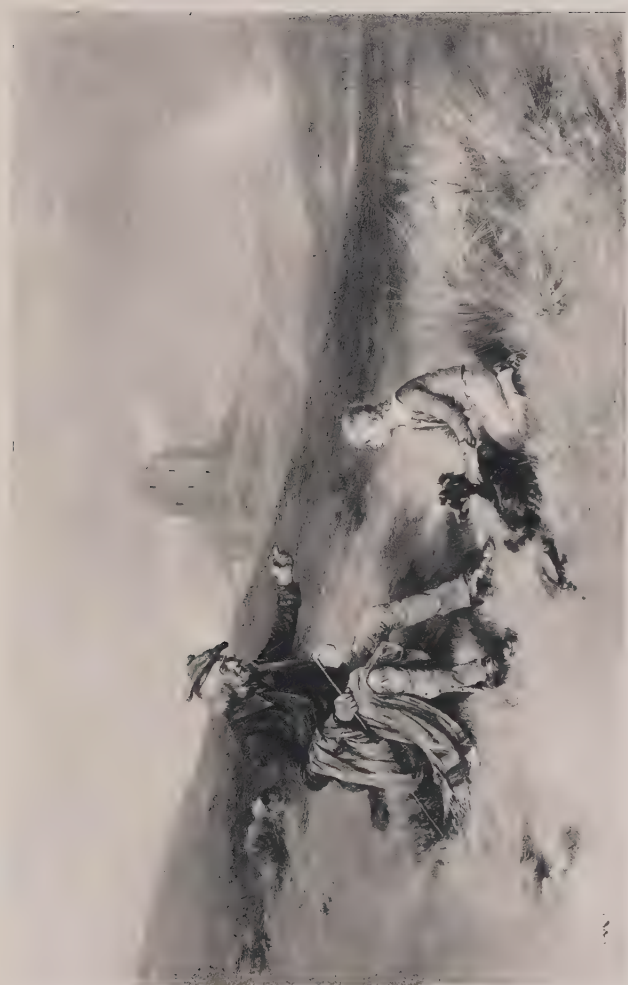
Although the house had disappeared, the wynd, with its timber fronts and turret stairs, continued little changed for some years; but from being an aristocratic quarter, it sank to one of the meanest alleys in Edinburgh; so the civic reformers swept it out of existence, and now all that remains to mark the birthplace of "The Author of Waverley" is a tablet at No. 8 Chambers Street, which bears the inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD THE HOUSE
IN WHICH SIR WALTER SCOTT WAS BORN.



Smailholm Tower

“ Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour,
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.”



SMAILHOLM TOWER.

SMAILHOLM TOWER

THERE was a tendency to constitutional weakness in Scott's family, six of Sir Walter's brothers and sisters having died in infancy. In his autobiography we are told how he showed every sign of health and strength till he was about eighteen months old, but at this early age the hereditary malady showed itself, and he was attacked by a dangerous illness, which left lasting traces and resulted in lameness. His parents, fearing that they were going to lose another infant, consulted the most eminent physicians in Edinburgh, and on the advice of Dr. Rutherford the child was sent to live in the country. Thus it came to pass that when Scott awoke to the first consciousness of existence he found himself an inmate of his grandfather's farm of Sandyknowe,

No fitter locality could have been chosen as the "meet nurse for a poetic child" than this pastoral and upland farm. Above the house was a small loch,



which was crowned by the walls of the grey old fortlet of Smailholm. This tower has been fittingly called "the outstanding sentinel of all the lower valley of the Tweed," as the view from its battlements commands a wide expanse of the Borderland.

"The lady sat in mournful mood ;
Look'd over hill and vale ;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale."

It was the first old-world edifice Scott became familiar with, and it made a lasting impression on his mind.

“‘You must go and make me a drawing of Smailholm Tower,’ he once said to an architect. ‘You will think it a poor thing, but I passed some of my early days there, when I thought it the grandest object in the world.’”

It is pleasant to picture those “early days” which he here refers to, passed under the shade of the old Tower. First, the lonely, delicate child, carefully tended by his aunt Jenny, lying out in bright summer weather on the turf among the crags watching the sheep, and then, a few years later, the old-fashioned boy, who would know the reason for everything, listening to the stirring tales of Border raids which Sandy Ormiston, the aged Cow-bailie, willingly imparted to his wondering mind. In the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion* he recalls this period of his life in the well-known lines:

And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power ;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue.”

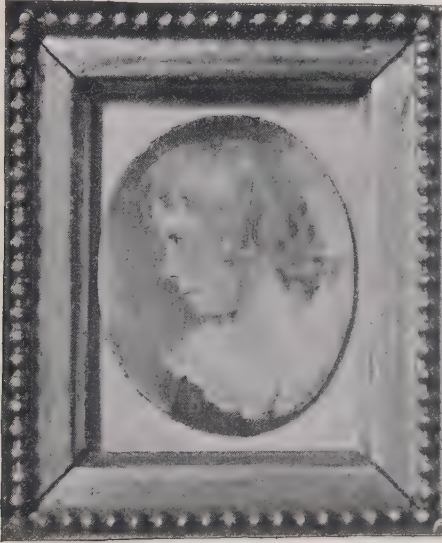
The present farmhouse of Sandyknowe is a modern erection. "The thatch'd mansion" where Scott dwelt with his grandfather consisted of one storey, with an attic, and was taken down about sixty years ago to make way for improvements in the steading. The site is now covered with other buildings, and nothing remains to indicate that it had ever been occupied as a dwelling-house.

After having been about twelve months at Sandyknowe, Scott, then in his fourth year, was taken to Bath to undergo a course of waters. "I quite grieve for that poor little fellow with the withered limb," said the aged poet Home to the child's guardian aunt, "what a painful sight to his anxious parents, to witness a loved one so suddenly doomed to a life of inertness and mortification!" When at Bath the first extant portrait of Scott, an ivory miniature, was painted by an artist called Kay. The ivory having got cracked, Scott's mother had a copy made, which she presented to her son. He, in turn, gave it to Mrs. Lockhart, and it is now one of the treasures of Abbotsford. Lockhart, under the impression that the replica in the possession of his wife was the original portrait, and the only one in existence, describes it as—



NORHAM CASTLE.

"A very good miniature done at Bath, when Sir Walter was in the fifth or sixth year of his age. The child," he says, "appears with long flowing hair, the colour a light chestnut, a deep open collar, and scarlet dress. It is nearly a profile; the outline wonderfully like what it was to the last; the expression of the eyes and mouth very striking—grave, and pensive."



The original miniature Sir Walter's mother gave to Mrs. Watson, from whom it passed into the hands of Mr. David Laing, LL.D., of Edinburgh, who bequeathed it to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

On the death of Scott's grandfather, the home at Sandyknowe was broken up, and his aunt removed to Kelso, occupying a house now known as Waverley Cottage, which had a large garden extending down to the Tweed a little to the east of Kelso Bridge.



If Smailholm was the home of Scott's childhood, Kelso, more than any place on the Borders, was associated with his boyhood, youth, and early manhood. Here he first began to take delight in literature, and here he woke up to the beauties of nature.

"The neighbourhood of Kelso," he says, "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently cal-

culated to awaken these ideas. . . . The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song, the ruins of an ancient Abbey, the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle, the modern mansion of Fleurs, . . . are so melted among a thousand other beauties . . . that they harmonize into one general picture."

Captain Robert Scott, his uncle, had also settled here, having purchased the property of Rosebank, on the north side of the Tweed, a few minutes' walk from his sister's cottage. Scott was as great a favourite with this bachelor uncle, as he was with his aunt, and Rosebank became his headquarters in the country from this time onwards till his marriage. Its situation allowed him to make repeated raids across the Borders, and it was from here he set out on his expeditions to Norham Castle (where the Tweed rolls past in majestic volume), Otterburn, and the field of Flodden, storing his mind with scenes which he was afterwards to portray so vividly in his poems and novels. In passing, it may be mentioned that on the death of his uncle, in 1804, Rosebank and about thirty acres of the finest land in Scotland came into Scott's possession. However, he did not long retain the property, as to meet some obligations he sold it for £5000, much to the annoyance of the

good people of Kelso, who declared the estate was sacrificed to meet the extravagancies of a graceless nephew.

The rudiments of education were imparted to Scott at the Grammar School of Kelso, where he became acquainted with James and John Ballantyne. He completed his early training at the High School of Edinburgh, and though he thought his ability was underrated by his schoolfellows, he was extremely popular among them through his marvellous powers of story-telling. He detested school life on account of its confinement, yet afterwards acknowledged that the training was good for him, as, writing to the Rev. R. Polwhele in 1812, he says:

“I am distinctly of opinion that the actual powers of reading, whether English, or Latin, or Greek, acquired at school, is of little consequence compared to the habits of discipline and attention necessarily acquired in the course of regular study.”

From the High School he passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he finished his education, and it was during his student days at this College that there occurred a remarkable and memorable incident in his life—his one interview with Burns.

In 1786 the famous Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems was published, and in December of the same year the poet visited Edinburgh. Scott was then a lad of fifteen, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in the poems, and was most desirous to meet Scotland's National Bard. His ambition was at length gratified.

"I saw him," he writes, "one day at the venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath :

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain ;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears.'

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of *The Justice of the Peace*. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a

word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect, with very great pleasure."

Sir Adam Ferguson was wont to say that the *word* which Scott's modesty had suppressed was, "You'll be a man yet sir!" and that Burns seemed both surprised and amused that a boy should know what all the Literati were ignorant of.

Scott only casually saw Burns once again, examining a bookstall in Parliament Square. The poet failed to recognize him, but the former interview did not fade altogether from the bard's memory, as Constable relates that while spending an evening with Burns in 1792, he told him that he had been wonderfully struck with the powers of young Scott, and prognosticated his future greatness.

Of the eminent persons who were present, Scott mentions only one, viz. Dugald Stewart. The party did not consist entirely of men, as is evident from the speech delivered by Professor Aytoun at the Burns Centenary in 1859. In proposing the memory of Scott, the Professor, alluding to the incident connected with the picture, said :

"The anecdote has been told more than once, and is to be



SCIENNES HOUSE.

found in some of the biographies of the poet, but I confess that it has to me a deeper interest, from the fact that it was told me by one still living, who remembers being present at that interview, one who was then very young, but is now far advanced down the vale of life, one near and dear to me—my own mother.”

This noteworthy interview took place at Sciennes House, at that time the residence of Professor Fergusson. The Professor, as chaplain of the Black Watch, had been present at the battle of Fontenoy, and was called the Grand Old Man of Edinburgh. He was then sixty-three years of age, and just recovering from a stroke of paralysis. Taking warning, he put himself on a rigid vegetable and milk diet with an entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and thus prolonged his life for thirty years, living to see Burns’s prophecy fulfilled, and Scott delighting the world with the Waverley Novels.

Sciennes House was a lonely villa in the suburbs of Edinburgh, which the Professor’s friends used to call Kamtschatka on account of its being so far out of the way. The house is no longer solitary, as part of it now forms the side of Braids Place. The old garden has been built upon, and the fine rooms subdivided into small apartments.

Bunbury's picture (a little insignificant brown print entitled "Affliction") has shared a better fate. It was presented by Sir Adam Ferguson to Dr. Robert Chambers, and for many years hung on the walls of his house. On his death it passed to his brother, who bequeathed it to the Chambers' Institute at Peebles, where it is still to be seen.



Lasswade Cottage

" Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet !
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun."



LASSWADE COTTAGE

LASSWADE COTTAGE

HAVING completed an indenture of five years to a solicitor, Scott, instead of entering his father's business, determined to adopt the more ambitious profession of an advocate. His legal studies were therefore continued for some years, and after passing with credit the usual trials, in 1792 he was called to the Bar.

Lockhart assigns as a reason for Scott's working as he then did with such assiduity and undeviating industry, that he was most anxious to make a position for himself, as, like Addison, he had raised his eyes to a great lady, and been permitted to hope.

"The spur was powerful
And pricked his genius forward in its course,
Allowed short time for play, and none for sloth."

The lady was Williamina Belsches, afterwards Lady Stuart Forbes. Her father, John Wishart Belsches,

was an advocate, who through his mother, Emilia Stuart, succeeded in 1777 to the Baronetage of the Stuarts of Castlemilk. Having inherited a fortune from his father sufficient to support the title, he purchased the estate of Fettercairn in Kincardineshire, and was returned to Parliament as member for the county in 1796, assuming the following year, under the Royal Sign Manual, the surname of Stuart only. In 1775 he had married Lady Jane Leslie, eldest daughter of David, sixth Earl of Leven and Melville ; and the only child of the marriage was Scott's first love.

Lockhart, in his abridged life of Sir Walter, calls her Margaret, but this is evidently an error, as she was named after her grandmother, Williamina, Countess of Leven and Melville, a lady distinguished for her habitual and fervent piety, comeliness of person, and amiability of mind.

Scott first introduced himself to the young lady's notice at Greyfriars church, and escorted her to her home, which was situated near his own. It chanced that their mothers had been school companions, and their fathers knew each other in business ; hence the young couple met frequently, both in Edinburgh and at country houses. The most bashful of bashful lovers,

Scott courted Miss Belsches for six years, his passion, which gave him constant uneasiness, remaining as a dark fire locked up within his breast. At length, in the autumn of 1796, finding himself under the same roof with his lady-love, he made a declaration of his long-hidden affection.



It is supposed Miss Belsches was residing at the time at Invermay, the seat of her uncle, Colonel John Belsches. It is about seven miles south of Perth, and stands on high ground commanding an extensive view of Lower Strathearn, and is celebrated in song, "The Birks of Invermay."

Unfortunately for Scott, his proposals were rejected, but the reasons are hidden in some obscurity. It is said that if the whole story were told, it would only raise Scott higher in the world's affection and admiration. That he received encouragement from Miss Belsches there can be little doubt, and that her mother was not unfavourable to his suit is evident from the letter she wrote Sir Walter thirty years afterwards :

"Were I to lay open my heart (of which you know little indeed) you would find how it has been, and ever shall be warm towards you. My age (she was then seventy-four) encourages me, and I have longed to tell you. Not the mother who bore you, followed you more anxiously (though secretly) with her blessing than I ! Age has tales to tell and sorrows to unfold."

Professor Wilson, talking to a friend on the influence Wordsworth had exercised on his life and character, once said :

"Sir, I fell down on my knees to him when I was a lad, and I have never risen since."

The same words might be used to express Scott's attitude towards his first love. True, the sharpness of his sorrow wrung from him some bitter lines, but as time went on, the old affection, instead of becoming "matter for a flying smile," reasserted



LADY STUART FORBES.

itself and continued to hold its sway over his imagination.

Miss Belsches, who was married at Edinburgh on 19th January, 1797, to William Forbes, Esq., eldest son of Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo, died in 1810, and in *Rokeby*, which was written not long after her death, Scott dressed out "Matilda," the heroine of the poem, in the form and features of his early love.

"Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half reveal'd to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye ;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd ;—

And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doting sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all."

Many passages might be quoted from his novels as well as his poems, such as the parting of Frank Osbaldistone and Di Vernon near the Fords of Frew,

or the opening words of the twelfth chapter of *Peveril of the Peak*, to prove, what Keble was the first to point out, that it was his early love's image haunting Scott all his life long that was the true inspiration of his minstrelsy and romance. It is enough, however, to quote the entry in his Journal of November 7th, 1827, after a visit he paid to the lady's mother, to prove that the old affection continued with him to the end.

"I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead; yet what a romance to tell, and told it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

After his great disappointment Scott turned vigorously to his literary work, finding therein alleviation for his sorrow. Addressing his Minstrel Harp in *The Lady of the Lake*, he says:

"Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is thine own."

LASSWADE COTTAGE

39

His heart, he tells us, was handsomely pieced again by his union with Miss Marguerite Charlotte Charpentier, a lady of French extraction, and after a courtship as brief as his previous one had been long, he was married to her in the Cathedral Church of Carlisle on 24th December, 1797.

"Mrs. Scott's match and mine," he wrote to Lady Abercorn in 1810, "was of our own making, and proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides, which has rather increased than diminished during twelve years' marriage. But it was something short of love, in all its forms, which I suspect people only feel once in their lives—folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing rarely venturing a second time out of their depth."

The only present we hear of Scott bestowing on his bride was a miniature of himself dressed in the uniform of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons. In the closing years of last century, owing to Napoleon's victories, an invasion of our country was predicted, and at Scott's suggestion the Duke of Buccleuch persuaded the Government to equip a body of volunteer cavalry. Scott was appointed Quartermaster to the regiment, and as Gibbon, when he came to write his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, found it had been of great use to him to have served in the Hampshire Militia, in like manner the experience

of military life gained in the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons proved invaluable to Scott in describing some of the battle scenes in his poems and novels.

This miniature is the second authentic portrait of Sir Walter, and though somewhat undervalued by Lockhart, it is beautifully painted, and may be taken as a true likeness of his appearance in early manhood.

“A form more active, light, and strong,
Ne’er shot the ranks of war along ; . . .
A face more fair you well might find,
For Redmond’s knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity ;
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour ;
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye ;
Or bended brow and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin’s ire.”

The companion miniature of Miss Charpentier, painted shortly before marriage, corresponds with Sir Walter’s description of his bride :

“A brunette as dark as a blackberry, but her person and face are very engaging.”

There were no long honeymoons in Scott’s time.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Painted by Sir Walter Scott.



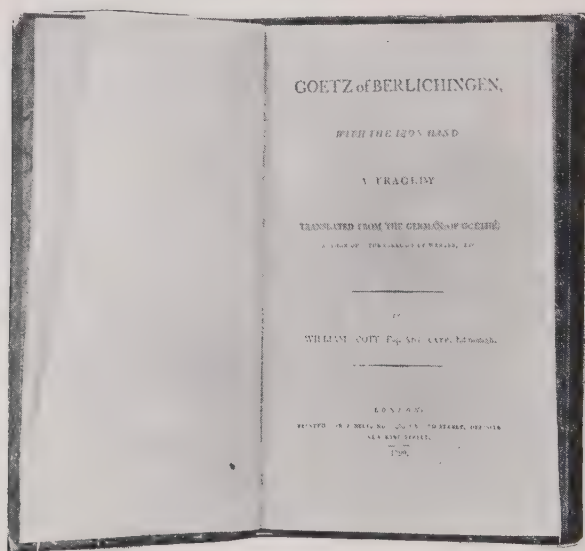
LADY SCOTT.

On the day of his marriage at Carlisle, Sir Walter conveyed his bride on the top of a coach to lodgings at 108 George Street, Edinburgh, from which he afterwards removed to a "self-contained" dwelling in the adjoining South Castle Street. This house was only his winter residence, and in summer he exchanged it for a cottage on the outskirts of Lasswade, a village seven miles south-east of Edinburgh.

The cottage is circular in appearance, and has a curious conical thatched roof. This picturesque covering is expensive to keep in good order, owing to birds nesting in it, and would long ago have been replaced by a slated roof, had not the present owner preserved it in the same condition as it was in Scott's time out of regard to Sir Walter's memory. This example commends itself strongly to approbation, as too often, through desire for improvement, acts of vandalism are committed, and places hallowed by genius flooded "by desecration's wave."

At Lasswade Cottage (which has been little altered), Scott passed six of the happiest summers of his life; in fact, his cousin has remarked, Lasswade Cottage was the house which really suited him better than any of his other country homes. What is now the

drawing-room was Scott's study, a cheerful room, with a circular window at which he wrote, looking out on a little meadow. In this retreat he commenced



his career as an author, and gave an example of his good taste and knowledge of the German language by translating Goethe's chivalresque drama, *Goetz of Berlichingen with the iron hand*. It was published in London in 1799, and the title-page of some of the copies bore the name of *William Scott, Advocate*, as

the author, instead of Walter Scott. Sir Walter never knew of this blunder till Taylor, in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, drew attention to it.

Alluding to the book, Taylor said that he had no doubt that this William Scott was the same person who had since become the most extensively popular of British writers under the poetical but assumed name of Walter. This conjecture of Taylor's drew from Sir Walter the following remonstrance:

“ABBOTSFORD, 23rd April, 1831.

“Sir,—To a native of Scotland there are few things accounted more dishonourable than abandoning his own name—unless it be adopting that of another person. With the bard in the *Critic* I can safely say,

‘My name’s Tom Jenkins, alias have I none.’

My father’s name was Walter, his grandfather’s name was the same. How you have been led into the mistake I cannot guess. I do not know in what shape the translation was given to the public. The late Mat. Lewis managed the publication with John Bell the bookseller. Both persons corresponded with me under my well-known name of Walter Scott, nor had they any right or apology for changing it into William, nor did I ever see a copy of the book in which I was so transmuted.”

This translation Carlyle holds to have been the fountain from which flowed *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*; but previous to writing these poems Scott

tried his prentice hand at composing imitations of the Ancient Ballads of Scotland. One of the first of these was *The Gray Brother*, in which the country round Lasswade, and the neighbouring seats of the nobility and gentry are described.



A few hundred yards east of Scott's cottage lies the village of Lasswade, which supplied materials for the picture of "Gandercleugh," introduced into the preface of *Tales of my Landlord*. In an aisle in the parish church are interred the remains of the poet Drummond.

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk—may roses shade the place."

The Esk flows near the church, but the river is not very picturesque at this spot, and it is necessary to

ascend the valley for about a mile before we realize the truth and beauty of Scott's lines.

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet !
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

"There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day ;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray.

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

"No stream in Scotland," says Scott, "can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery." About midway up the valley towers "classic Hawthornden," the "sweet solitary place" where William Drummond, the Scottish Petrarch, was born, and where "far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords" he passed the greater portion of his life. There is a note in *The Gray Brother* informing the reader that Ben Jonson journeyed from London on foot in order to visit Drummond here, but this

statement is misleading, as Jonson's visit to Scotland was undertaken for a variety of reasons, and the weeks he "sat in Drummond's social shade" formed only an episode in it.



Unfortunately
it is not the
identical mansion

Ben Jonson knew, as it was enlarged and altered twenty years after that memorable visit.

The upper part of the valley between Hawthornden and Roslin, Dorothy Wordsworth describes as "the most delicious dell she ever passed through, even though the water of the stream was dingy and muddy." On emerging from this dell Scott would slacken

his pace, and gaining a point which commanded a view of the castle and chapel, would say to his friends: "Here we must pause, ponder, and admire. Yonder you behold the far-famed Chapelle of Roslin,



founded in 1446 by the powerful William St. Clair, which, whatever we moderns may think of it, was not finished without the aid of an architect, who travelled to Rome and throughout all Europe to learn deeper mysteries of his vocation, and give the proper

embellishments to its interior. It is one of the few remnants of the olden time, on which our great champion of the Scottish Church did not exercise his peculiar plans of reformation."

The Chapel, which crowns the heights above the Castle, is in beautiful preservation, and still used for worship as the private oratory of the Earls of Rosslyn. The style of architecture is an elaborated example of Spanish Gothic, and the interior is supposed to have suggested to Scott the description of Engaddi in the fourth chapter of *The Talisman*.

"The groined roofs," says Scott in the novel, "rose from six columns on each side, carved with the rarest skill; and the manner in which the crossings of the concave arches were bound together with appropriate ornaments, were all in the finest tone of the architecture and of the age. Corresponding to the line of pillars, there were on each side six richly wrought niches, each of which contained the image of one of the twelve apostles."

The Chapel has been termed "an unfinished thought in stone," as it is only the chancel of what was intended to be the Collegiate Church of Roslin. According to an ancient custom, the barons of Roslin, prior to 1650, were buried in full armour without coffins, in an hermetically sealed vault,

and a superstition was prevalent among the country people (arising no doubt from lights being used at the celebration of midnight mass), that on the night previous to the death of an Earl of Rosslyn the chapel was supernaturally illuminated by fire.

On this legend Scott founded his simple, lovely, and melodious "Dirge of Rosabelle," in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle."

About fifteen years ago the keeper of the chapel craved permission from Lord Rosslyn to be allowed

to explore 'the holy vault,' and, his request having been granted, he descended at midnight with a dark lantern. The inmost recesses of the vault were inaccessible, and no armour was visible. The vault is now closed. The late Earl, who had a refined poetic taste, left instructions that he was to be buried outside in the sunshine, and his solitary grave is to be seen in the grounds surrounding the chapel, under the shade of the old larches.



Liddesdale

"The dusky vale, of Hermitage in Liddesdale,"



HERMITAGE CASTLE

LIDDESDALE

PREVIOUS to settling at Lasswade, Scott had yearly been in the habit, when the Courts rose in autumn, of making what he called "a raid into Liddesdale," a district of Scotland which lies in the most southern part of the Borderland.

The primary inducement to explore this wild and inaccessible region was a desire to examine that grim and remote fastness, Hermitage Castle.

Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than

"Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,"

now deserted and ruinous, and tenanted only by hawks, jackdaws, owlets, and corbies. The castle, termed by Lesley "*antiquissimum et munitissimum*," is one of the

oldest baronial buildings in Scotland, and perhaps the most 'awesome' fortress in the three kingdoms. Many deeds of violence of all kinds have taken place there, from the time Lord Soulis treacherously decoyed thither the chief of the Armstrongs, down to the mysterious visit of Queen Mary. The building now appears to be sinking beneath the ground, as if unable to support the load of iniquity accumulated within its walls—

"the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age."

Hermitage is much associated with Scott. There the Douglas ring, which he wore, was found, and in the well-known portrait by Raeburn, he is represented as musing among the ruins, with the mountains of Liddesdale introduced as a background.

Another reason for these journeys was to pick up some of the riding ballads which were known to be still preserved by the descendants of the moss-troopers who had followed the banner of the Douglasses.

On the occasion of the last of these raids, in the autumn of 1799, Scott halted at Kelso, where he met his old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne. Ballantyne

had commenced his career as a solicitor at Kelso, but had gradually drifted into journalism, and was then editor of a weekly newspaper, the *Kelso Mail*, to which Scott was a casual contributor.

The types being idle during the greater part of the week, Scott suggested the advisability of printing books. Ballantyne readily fell in with the proposal, the only difficulty being the want of books to print. "I have been for years collecting old Border ballads," said Scott, "and I think I could, with little trouble, put together such a selection from them as might make a neat little volume. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh, and if the thing goes on, you shall be the printer."

The upshot of this interview was that, in 1801, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was printed at the press of James Ballantyne at Kelso, and was published in January of the following year.

On no work of his after life did Scott bestow more labour and time than in the preparation of these two volumes. He recovered many of the old ballads, which were dying on the tongue of tradition, wrote several imitations himself, and illustrated the whole

with copious notes which contained a vast amount of curious information relative to Border lore. Opposite the title-page of the first volume was an engraving of



Hermitage Castle, drawn from a rough sketch by Scott, which gives a very fair idea of its ruins and situation.

The book securely laid the foundation of his fame. It was the outcome of many long journeys through the glens and valleys of the Border country, and it remains to this day a monument of persevering and

zealous research, minute learning, genius and taste. In the words of Hogg :

“ Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of sheeted ghost, that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt, from man concealed ;
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again.”

A new edition was speedily called for, and Ballantyne, acting on his patron's suggestion, removed his printing presses to the precincts of Holyrood, and established the firm of James Ballantyne & Co., which Scott joined as a partner.

In compiling the *Minstrelsy*, Scott was assisted by ‘ Monk ’ Lewis, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and Dr. Jamieson, of Scottish dictionary fame, but by far his most zealous coadjutor was John Leyden, author of *Scenes of Infancy*. To the first edition Leyden contributed his *Ode on Flodden* and *Scottish Music*, and his ballads of *Lord Soulis* and *The Cout of Keeldar*, and to the second edition *The Mermaid*. His poems have dropped out of notice, but his life will ever remain a worthy type of the true-hearted Borderer—“breasting the

blows of circumstance and grappling with his evil star." Born at Denholm, the son of a Border shepherd, he adapted himself in a wonderful way to varying conditions, being successively,—minister, doctor, judge, and professor of Oriental languages. His admiration for Scott was unbounded, and found expression in his *Scenes of Infancy*, large portions of which were written by him at Lasswade Cottage shortly before he sailed for India.

"O SCOTT! with whom, in youth's serenest prime,
I wove with careless hand the fairy rhyme,
Thy powerful verse, to grace the courtly hall,
Shall many a tale of elder time recall.
Enough for me, if fancy wake the shell,
To eastern minstrels strains like thine to tell,
Till saddening memory all our haunts restore,
The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore,
The circled hearth, which ne'er was wont to fail
In cheerful joke, or legendary tale,
Thy mind, whose fearless frankness none could move,
Thy friendship, like an elder brother's love.
While from each scene of early life I part,
True to the beatings of this ardent heart,
When, half deceas'd, with half the world between,
My name shall be unmention'd on the green,
When years combine with distance, let me be,
By all forgot, remember'd yet by thee!"

Scott did not forget him, and his appreciation is shown by his choosing a verse from Leyden's *Ode on*

Visiting Flodden as the motto for the title-page of *Marmion*. Leyden seems to have had a sort of foreboding that he would meet an early death, which may account for the undertone of sadness running through all his later poems written abroad.

“Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean’s southern wave.”

His prognostications proved true.

In 1811, when the Indian Government organized an expedition for the conquest of Java, he accompanied Lord Minto, then Governor-General of India, to act as interpreter, and to investigate the language and literature of the tribes that inhabited the island. The expedition arrived at Java, and entered Batavia, its capital, without resistance. Here, through his eagerness to explore an unventilated library, which contained in its musty recesses some curious old manuscripts, Leyden contracted a fever which, in a few days, terminated “his bright and brief career.”

Scott, who at the time had just purchased Abbotsford, had written him a long letter on the subject, which was returned unopened. He published a

memoir of his early friend in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1811, and it is said that he never could speak of him without his lip quivering and his eye moistening.

In 1814, when returning from his tour round the north of Scotland in the lighthouse yacht, the sight of Scarba's Isle,

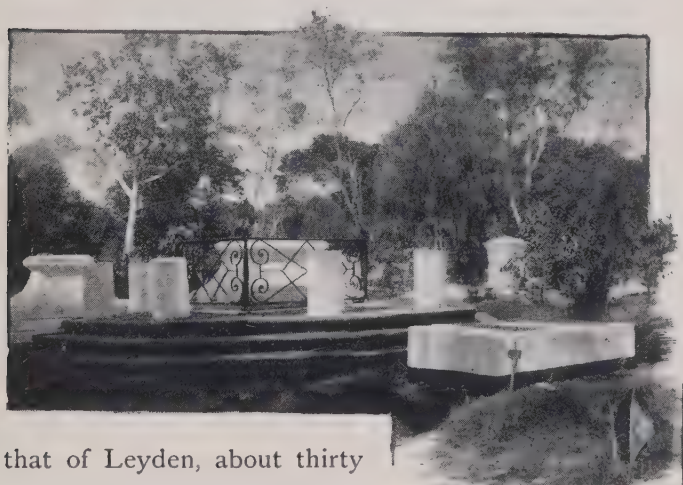
"whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,"

recalled Leyden's description of the 'same scenery, and prompted the well-known lines in *The Lord of the Isles*—

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more !
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains !"

"Seventy-six years have come and gone since Leyden died," wrote Mr. Wm. Munro Sandison in 1887, "and few of his admirers know anything about his place of sepulture, beyond that vaguely indicated in the above lines by Sir Walter Scott. Fewer still have been the visitants to that spot, scarcely one perhaps,

since his funeral cortege retired. A lengthened search among the thousands of tombs in the Tannah Abang cemetery, near Batavia, resulted in my discovery of



that of Leyden, about thirty yards from the main gateway.

A plain horizontal mass of stone-work, with rounded corners, raised about three feet above the ground, and having tablets embedded in its surface, forms an unassuming but durable monument to his memory." In the central enclosure is the tomb of Lady Raffles, wife of the Governor of Java, to whom, under the name of "Olivia," Leyden addressed his "Dirge of the Departed Year."

The inscription on Leyden's tomb reads as follows:

Sacred to the Memory of

JOHN CASPER LEYDEN, M.D.,

who was born at Teviotdale in Scotland, and who died in the prime of life at Molenvliet near Batavia, on the 28th August 1811, two days after the fall of Cornelis. The poetical talents and superior literary attainments of Dr. Leyden, rendered him an ornament of the age in which he lived. His ardent spirit and insatiable thirst after knowledge was perhaps unequalled; and the friends of science must ever deplore his untimely fate. His principles as a man were pure and spotless, and as a friend he was firm and sincere. Few have passed through this life with fewer vices, or with a greater prospect of happiness in the next.



Yarrow

" By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek."



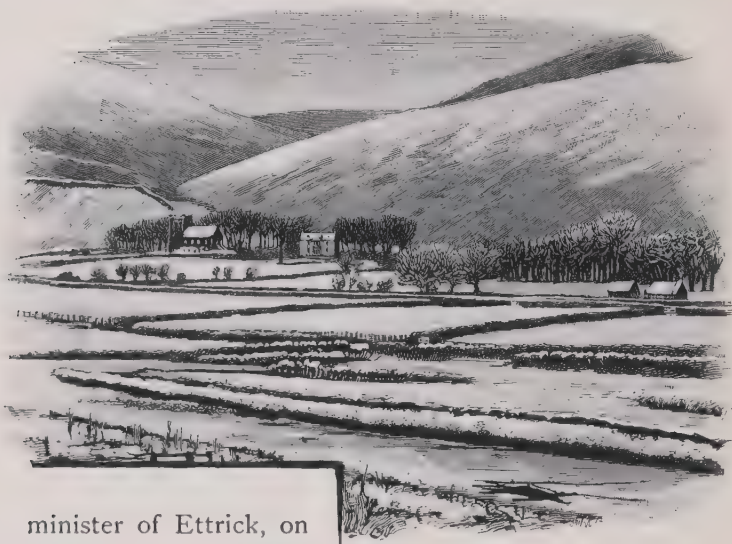
ETTRICK HALL.

YARROW

THE first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Border* were published in January, 1802, and the book was so well received by all, that Scott, during the rest of the year, devoted his spare time to beating the coverts of the Forest for more ballads to make a third volume. With this quest in view, he penetrated far up the Vale of Yarrow, to a farm called Blackhouse, on the Douglas burn, where he met his life-long friend, amanuensis and factor, Willie Laidlaw.

It was then he heard for the first time of that genius and true son of Nature—the Ettrick Shepherd. For ten years James Hogg had been in the employment of Laidlaw's father as shepherd, but at Whitsuntide of 1800 he had left Blackhouse and returned to his native Vale of Ettrick, in order to assist his

parents, who lived in a cottage at Ettrickhall, hard by Ettrick Kirk. It may be here mentioned, in passing, that the title of Ettrick Shepherd had previously been enjoyed by the Rev. Thomas Boston, the pious



minister of Ettrick, on account of the faithful

discharge of his pastoral duties. He was the famed author of *The Fourfold State*, and died at Ettrick Manse, in 1732, nearly forty years before the Shepherd-bard was born.

Ettrick is a very solitary district; how lonely may

be gathered from Hogg's own lines, where, referring to his early life, he says :

“ I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night or winter day ;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none ;
Our converse was with heaven alone ;
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.”

In his *Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott*, the Shepherd has described their first meeting, which Lockhart characterizes as “pleasant enough, with some foundation of truth.” Hogg tells how he was working in a field near the cottage, when an old man came posting over the water to inform him that “the Shirra and some o’ his gang” had arrived, and wanted to see him. He immediately threw down his hoe, and was hurrying over to the cottage to put on his Sunday clothes, when on his way he met Scott and Laidlaw coming to visit him. They dismounted, and accompanied him to his dwelling, where they remained a considerable time.

The Shepherd's mother, who was a living miscellany of old songs, chanted or sang the ballad of *Auld*

Maitland with great animation. Scott was delighted with this ballad. He had never heard it before, and as it was precisely what he wanted for his new volume, he asked the old woman if it had ever been printed. "O na, na, sir," she replied, "there were never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel', an' ye hae spoilt them awthegither. They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair. An' the worst thing of a', they're nouthier right spell'd nor right setten down." "Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw, from a corner of the room. Scott answered with a hearty laugh, and a quotation from Wordsworth, on which the old woman gave him a smart rap on the knee and said, "Ye'll find, however, that it's a' true that I'm tellin' ye." "My mother," says the Shepherd, "has been too true a prophetess, for from that day to this, these songs, which were the amusement of many a long winter evening, have never been sung more."

The cottage in which this interview took place has long since disappeared. Hogg reluctantly quitted it with the intention of settling in Harris, his feelings on that occasion being expressed in his *Farewell to Ettrick*.

"Farewell, green Ettrick, fare-thee-well !
I own I'm unco laith to leave thee ;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me.

"There first I saw the rising morn ;
There first my infant mind unfurled,
To ween that spot where I was born,
The very centre of the world.

"I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
An' the braid lift lay whome'd on them,
An' glowered wi' wonder at the wives
That spak o' ither hills ayon' them.

"As ilka year gae something new,
Addition to my mind or stature,
So fast my love for Ettrick grew,
Implanted in my very nature."

The Shepherd loved his birthplace, and whenever he chanced to meet people from Ettrick, he always asked if the cottage was still standing. It remained intact for at least ten years after his death, when it either fell down, or Lord Napier, the proprietor of the lands, gave orders to remove it. Happily before its demolition, D. O. Hill made a sketch of it, which was published as an illustration in the *Tales of the Shepherd*. It was but an "auld clay biggin," with a roof of thatch, and stood on the north side of the

road leading to Ettrick Kirk. The spot is now marked by the hearthstone built upright into the wall, on which, beneath the initials J. H., are the words

BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES HOGG.

After leading a sort of desultory life for ten years, first as a sheep-farmer in the Highlands, next as a shepherd in Dumfries-shire, then as editor of a newspaper in Edinburgh, and astonishing all his friends by writing *The Queen's Wake*, in parts of which the reader seems to hear

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,"

Hogg finally settled at Altrieve, a small farm in the upper reaches of the Vale of Yarrow, given him at a nominal rent by the Duke of Buccleuch.

"Blest be Buccleuch an' a' his line.
Forever blessèd may they be!
A little hame I can ca' mine
He rear'd, amid the wild for me."

For this "little hame" he was indebted to Scott, who rarely passed through the vale without stopping to spend an hour with him. The Shepherd's love for Sir Walter was akin to Leyden's, and many are

the tributes to him in his poems. Witness the congratulatory lines on Scott's Baronetcy :



“Yes, twenty years have come and fled
Since we two met, and time has shed
His riming honours o'er each brow—
My state the same, how changed art thou !
But every year yet overpast
I've loved thee dearer than the last.
For all the volumes thou hast wrote,
Those that are owned, and that are not,
Let these be conned even to a grain,
I've said it, and will say't again—
Who knows thee but by these alone,
The better half is still unknown.”

At Altrieve, Hogg lived a happy out-of-door pastoral life. The Yarrow and St. Mary's Loch afforded him ample scope for the enjoyment of his favourite sport of fishing, and he seems to have had the privilege of shooting as much game as he liked on the surrounding hills.

As became a grandson of the far-famed Will o' Phaup, he was skilled in all athletic exercises, and the fact of his having once failed to gain the prize for leaping, was sufficient to be celebrated in a verse of a song much sung at Border gatherings.

"The Ettrick poet—he cam owre,
A clifty clever chiel, man;
But Jamie Battie—frae Daebeth,
Beat him by half a heel, man."

In winter he usually made a periodical visit to Edinburgh for a fortnight, the conclusion of his stay being signalized by one of those uproarious supper parties, an amusing account of which was published by Dr. Robert Chambers, under the title of *The Candlemaker Row Festival*.

His journey to London, in 1832, brought him into contact with Carlyle, who, with his graphic point

of phrase, has given a good pen portrait of the Shepherd's personal appearance.

"Hogg is a little red-skinned stiff sack of a body, with quite the common air of an Ettrick shepherd, except that he has a highish though sloping brow (among his yellow grizzled hair), and two clear little beads of blue or grey eyes that sparkle, if not with thought, yet with animation. I felt interest for the poor 'herd body,' wondered to see him blown hither from his sheep-folds, and how, quite friendless as he was, he went along cheerful, mirthful, and musical."

After Scott's death Hogg wrote a short account of his patron and friend, entitled *The Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott*, to which was prefixed a sketch of his own life.

"The Shepherd," says the writer of the sketch, "is an extraordinary man, and scarcely knows what despondency has been. He still resides at Altrieve, and never fails to give a hearty welcome to those who break in on his retreat. His house is neat and comfortable without being large. Its situation is picturesque, and it is surrounded with all the temptations which the angler and fowler find so irresistible. The crack of his gun is heard ever and anon upon the Yarrow side, the play of his rod ripples the surface of St. Mary's Loch."

This was written in 1834, and in the following August "the crack of the Shepherd's gun" was heard on the moors for the last time. On that occasion he requested his son to go with him along the heights of Riskenhope. There they came to a gap in the hills, where a glimpse was to be had of the valley of Ettrick, the kirk, and the cottage in which he was born. He sat down to gaze on them, and remained in solemn and undisturbed silence for half-an-hour, as if he felt that look would be the last. On his return home he was seized with fever, and in spite of a robust constitution gradually sank under the attack, till on 21st November, 1835,

"Death upon the braes of Yarrow
Closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes."

"He departed this life," wrote Laidlaw, "as calmly and to all appearance with as little pain, as if he had fallen asleep in his gray plaid on the side of the moorland rill."

Dr. Russell, minister of Yarrow, who attended him on his death-bed, was present at the funeral, and in his reminiscences describes the last scene.

"In a few days more they bore him to the quiet churchyard of Ettrick, and laid him in the place of his fathers' sepulchres,

many a sorrowing friend was there, many a shepherd in his grey plaid."

To mark the place of his rest, his widow erected over the grave a simple stone, surmounted by a little



mountain harp, underneath which are carved his name and birthplace.

"When the dark clouds of winter pass away from the crest of Ettrick Pen," says Scott Riddell, "and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, many are the wild daisies which adorn the turf that covers the remains of The Ettrick Shepherd, and a verse of one of the songs of his early days is thus strikingly verified when he says,

'Flow, my Ettrick! it was thee
Into life that first did drap me,

Thee I'll sing, and when I dee
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
'Here our Shepherd lies asleep!'"



Eleven years before he fell on sleep, Christopher North, in one of his dashing articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1824, predicted that a monument would be erected to the Shepherd in the Forest.

"My beloved Shepherd, some half century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knowe in the Forest, with

its honest brazen face looking across St. Mary's Loch and up towards the Gray Mare's tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will weave a dance round its pedestal."

Wilson died before the time for the fulfilment of his prophecy had come, but the "half century" had not elapsed when the "effigy" made its appearance. It was erected in 1860, and inaugurated in the same year by Sheriff Glassford Bell. The site chosen was rising ground on the northern side of the valley at the foot of Chapelhope, between St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, looking over to the green rounded hill of Bowerhope Law, the inscription under the statue being taken from *The Queen's Wake*:

"Oft had he viewed, as morning rose,
The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
Ploughed far by many a downy keel
Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal.
Oft thrilled his heart at close of even,
To see the dappled vales of heaven,
With many a mountain, moor, and tree,
Asleep upon the Saint Mary."

"It is a fairly good monument," writes Mrs. Garden, the Shepherd's daughter, "but the district is silent and remote, so that comparatively few people see the lonely stone figure which sits ever keeping watch over his loved and lovely St. Mary's."

The statue presents the Bard of Ettrick seated on an oak-root, his inseparable plaid across his shoulders, the pose recalling a passage in the *Noctes*,—"O happy days, that I have lain on the green hill-side—bonny St. Mary's loch lying like a smile below—my plaid, best mantle of inspiration, around me,—a beuk o' auld ballants in my hand,—my faithful Hector sitting by my side;—on such a couch hath the Shepherd seen visions and dreamed dreams."



Ashestiel

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind."



ASHESTIEL.

ASHESTIEL

IN ancient times the Sheriffdom of Selkirk was known by the name of the Forest, which was split up into three divisions, viz. Selkirk Forest, Ettrick Forest, and the Forest of Traquair. The wood with which it was once covered was a remnant of the old Caledonian Forest, and consisted chiefly of oaks, mingled with birch and hazel. Until the time of James V. it was the royal hunting ground of the Stuarts, and was celebrated for its red deer, which were accounted the largest and finest in the kingdom. James V., in order to increase his revenues, turned ten thousand sheep into the royal domain to graze there, and this act led to the entire destruction of the trees and the conversion of the forest into pasture. It is now something like a deer forest: it contains everything but

trees, and verifies the witticism, "that a forest is a place where no trees grow."

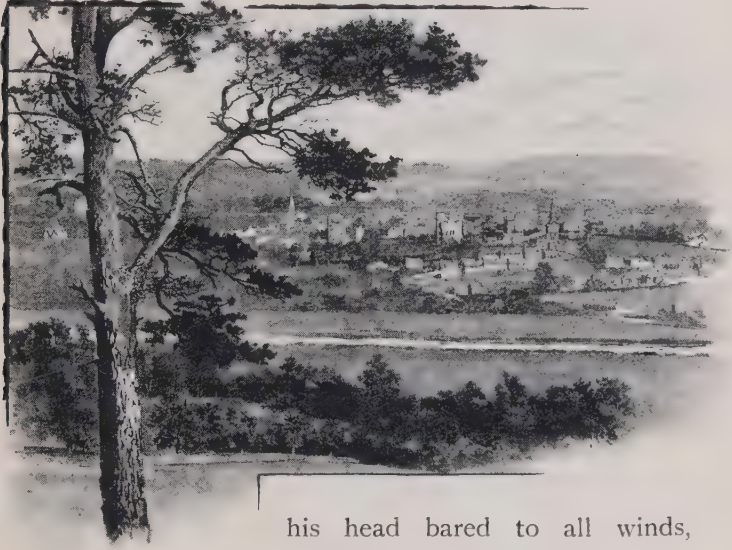
Although the trees vanished, the name remained, and no one was fonder of using it than Sir Walter, who invariably styled himself Sheriff of Ettrick Forest. For this appointment, which he obtained in 1799, he was indebted to the influence of his kinsman, the Duke of Buccleuch, who was the largest landed proprietor in the district. The duties were light, the salary £300 a year, while the title of Sheriff, or Shirra, invested Scott with almost regal importance in the eyes of the primitive inhabitants of the valleys of the Tweed, Ettrick, and Yarrow.

That Sir Walter discharged his shrieval duties to the acceptance of the gentlemen of the county is evident from the inscription on his statue, which stands in front of the County Hall of Selkirk, where for thirty years he administered justice :

Erected in August, 1839,
In proud and affectionate remembrance of
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
Sheriff of this County from 1800 to 1832.

The statue was considered by the late Mr. John Usher

to be the best likeness he knew of the Sheriff, "as it was his very drawn image." Sir Walter is dressed in his robes of office, his right hand leaning on his staff,



his head bared to all winds,
while his own beautiful lines be-
tokening his love for the county are engraved below :

" By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek."

As the law required the Sheriff to reside for four

months of the year within his jurisdiction, Scott after his appointment resided generally in a little inn at Clovenfords; but the Lord Lieutenant of the County beginning to grumble about his living at such a



distance from the scene of his duties, he gave up his cottage at Lasswade, and leased Ashestiel, a mansion in the heart of the Forest, standing on the south bank of the Tweed, seven miles distant from Selkirk.

It was during these Ashestiel years, from 1804 to 1812, that his fame as a poet was established, and before his lease expired he had wreathed with poesy

the whole surrounding district, making Ashestiel a far more interesting place to the students of his poems than any of his other residences.

“There it stands,” says Christopher North in his *Anglimania*, “half-embowered, above the bowers that here, more than anywhere else, to our eyes do indeed beautify the Tweed. It holds in kind command all the banks and braes about, with their single trees dropt here and there ‘in Nature’s careless haste,’ and rich with many a stately grove overhanging the river’s gleam, or within hearing of its murmurs. But the green hills behind the house are now sloping away up to the far mists that seem to be hiding mountains; and the scene, though sweet, is not without grandeur. Of yore it was the home of—THE MAGICIAN. Here we first saw—Walter Scott. ’Twas in the summer he was writing Marmion. In the evening, he chanted from the quarto sheets the two first cantos—with look, voice, and action appropriate to the spirit-stirring poetry of war.”

Ashestiel was originally an old Border tower, part of which is still enclosed within the centre of the house. Mrs. Russell, Scott’s aunt, added the west wing, making it an odd three-cornered building. The east wing was built after Scott left it, and since then Ashestiel has been unaltered. The site was no doubt chosen for defence, for the house is not only protected on the north by the Tweed, but on the east by a deep gorge. This ravine is entirely clothed with a grove of natural wood, through which

a tiny burn, more heard than seen, finds its way to the river. It is thus referred to in the opening lines of Marmion :

“Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with double speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.”

In Scott's time access to the house could only be gained by crossing the Tweed at a dangerous ford a little to the west of the ravine, the nearest bridge being about two miles down the river. Sir Walter was always happy when fording a river, as, like Morton in *Old Mortality*, “the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow.” In his description of Marmion fording the Tweed on the eve of Flodden, may we not picture Scott himself plunging into the river at Ashestiel?

“Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,

He ventured desperately :
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly."



The most luminous illustrator of Scott's life and writings is Ruskin. His enthusiasm for Sir Walter may be likened to Carlyle's admiration for Burns, and reaches a climax in his estimate of Scott's work in *Fors Clavigera*. In the autumn of 1883

Ruskin drove from Abbotsford to Ashestiel up the banks of the Tweed, and in a letter of impassioned rhetoric he describes "the stately moving of its many waters, its pools of pausing current binding the silver



edges with a gloom of amber and gold, and the processions of dark forest ranged in strange majesty of sweet order, along its shore."

"Ashestiel," he writes, "has been sorrowfully changed since Sir Walter's death. There is more excuse for Scott's flitting to Abbotsford than I had guessed, for

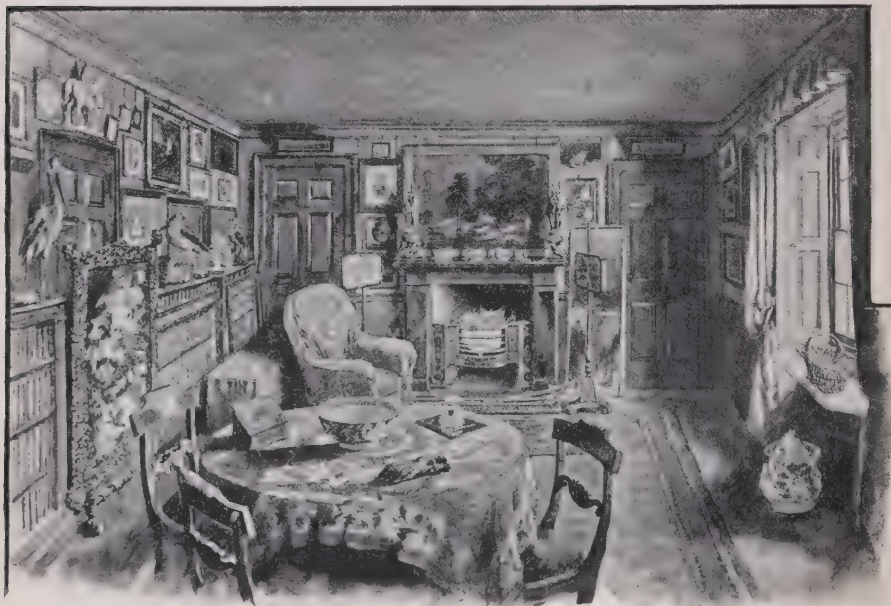
this house stands, conscious of the river rather than commanding it, on a brow of meadowy bank, falling so steeply to the water that nothing can be seen of it from the windows."

When Ruskin visited Ashestiel it was tenanted by the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, and a small study, with a window looking to the Tweed, was pointed out to him as Scott's "den."

"The room itself," says Ruskin (*Fors*, Vol. VIII., p. 211), "Scott's true 'memorial,' if the Scotch people had heart enough to know him, or remember, is a small parlour on the ground-floor of the north side of the house, some twelve feet deep by eleven wide. . . . Contentedly, in such space and splendour of domicile, the three great poems were written, *Waverley* begun; and all the make and tenure of his mind confirmed, as it was to remain, or revive, through after time of vanity, trouble, and decay. A small chamber, with a fair world outside:—such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work."

Ruskin appears to have here fallen into an error. Miss Russell of Ashestiel, writing to the *Scotsman*, December 24, 1883, pointed out that this small study was used as a store-room in Scott's time, and that Sir Walter's writing-room was the family dining-room, now the library. This library is a quaint

old-fashioned room with one window, on the east side of the entrance porch. When occupied by Scott it was a much brighter apartment than now, as



it was lighted by other two windows, from which the Tweed, "fair through the morning clouds," was visible.

These windows, which were on each side of the fireplace, have been removed ; but it is interesting to

note their existence, as through one of them Sir Walter's greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, whom he refers to in *Marmion* as cumbering "our parlour's narrow floor," were always going in and out. Sir Walter, says Miss Russell, kept his books upstairs in his dressing-room, the top of his bookcase being adorned with the skull from the cave of Eigg now in the hall at Abbotsford.

With the exception of the grate, the furniture is entirely changed, as Sir Walter, when he left Ashestiel, sold part of it, and took the rest of it with him to Abbotsford. An engraving of the Raeburn portrait and a punch bowl, presented by him to his cousin, are the only relics that remain.

The old sporting prints which now hang on the walls are such as Scott would have loved, for at Ashestiel he devoted as much time to silvan amusements as to literature. "The wild unbounded hills" which lay betwixt his house and Yarrow gave him unlimited scope for coursing with his greyhounds, while the deep broad current of the Tweed, "wheeling in the moonlight" round the foot of the steep bank below, allowed him to follow at night his favourite sport of "burning the water."

In Scotland, the old way of catching salmon was to spear them with a long shafted trident, called a leister. The sport was followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish were detected by a strong light shed on the water by means of torches, or fire grates filled with blazing materials.

Scott was an adept at salmon leistering, and in his review of "Salmonia" tells how, in the memory of man, as many as ninety-nine salmon were taken in one day at Yair Bridge. The twenty-sixth chapter of *Guy Mannering*, which contains a description of this exciting sport, is largely founded on his own experiences, and in one of his poems he depicts the scene in the lines :

"'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide ;
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear ;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears."

However far into the night Scott might prolong these fishing expeditions, five o'clock next morning found him at his desk. "He that would thrive," he

was wont to say, "must rise at five, he that has thriven may rest till seven." To this practice of early rising may be largely ascribed "the limpid clearness, tranquil



serenity, strength and cheerfulness of his style." He makes many of his characters, both in his poems and novels, rise early, and beautiful are his descriptions of the freshness, sweetness, and fragrancy of the early dawn.

The first poem finished at Ashestiel was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. When on a visit to

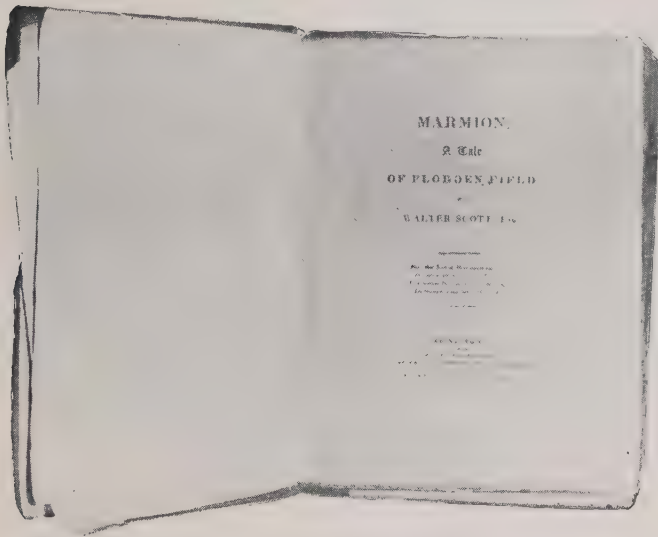


Bowhill in 1802, the Countess of Dalkeith had asked Scott to turn into a ballad a story she had been reading about a goblin called Gilpin Horner. Her request was readily complied with ; the ballad grew on his hands, and finally took shape in this fascinating romance of Border Chivalry.

"Sweet Bowhill," the Forest residence of the Buccleuch family, was much frequented by Scott when he lived at Ashestiel, and its walls are now appropriately adorned with numerous portraits of the

Minstrel of the Clan. Here are Landseer's picture of Scott in the Rhymer's Glen, a head by Sir Francis Grant, and in the dining-room the place of honour is assigned to the great painting of Scott musing on the ruins of Hermitage Castle.

This portrait was executed by Raeburn at the request of Constable shortly after the publication of



Marmion, the second of the Ashestiel poems. It may be said to take rank as the greatest of all Scott's metrical romances, and on its appearance the

applause of the public was hearty in the extreme. It brought chivalry again into temporary favour, so that ladies and gentlemen could talk of nothing but donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, portcullisses, and caps of maintenance. The description of Flodden, Scott's supreme effort, was struck off at a heat, and is one of the finest poetic pictures of a battle ever written.

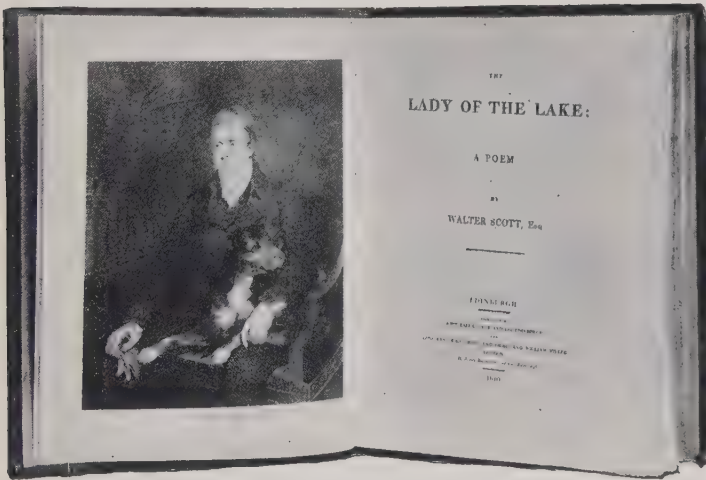
Unfortunately, Scott shortly after this quarrelled with Constable, and the popularity of *Marmion* having given him a great reputation he was induced to start the opposition firm of JOHN Ballantyne & Coy.

Their name appeared on the title-page of his next work, *The Lady of the Lake*. Opposite the title-page was a portrait of the author by Saxon, whereby the reading public was first made acquainted with Scott's countenance. The poem was published in April, 1810, in all the majesty of quarto,

"A rivulet of verse flowing through a meadow of margin."

"The whole country rang with the praises of the poet,—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, every house and inn in that neighbourhood being crammed with a constant succession of visitors."

The Lady of the Lake was quite a financial success, and the profits were invested in the purchase of Abbotsford, whither Scott migrated in May, 1812. In packing his books and papers he came upon the rough draft of *Waverley*, the opening



chapters of which had been written shortly after he settled at Ashestiel, but on the unfavourable comments of some friends had been laid aside and neglected.

In one of these chapters there is a minute

description of Tully-Veolan—the seat of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine.

“The house,” says Scott, “seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings. . . . It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower.”



Keeping in view that this part of the novel was written at Ashestiel, it seems probable that the main



features of the description were taken from the old chateau of Traquair, which is the mansion adjoining Ashestiel as we ascend the Tweed. It is little known to the traveller, as it lies low, and can barely be seen from the river, yet it did not escape Dorothy Wordsworth's notice, who describes it in her *Journal* as being

“hears'd about with a black wood.”

Sir Walter was acquainted with Charles, seventh Earl of Traquair, and it is interesting to know that the daughter of this Earl—the late venerable Lady Louisa Stuart—the last of the line, who was only five years younger than Scott, survived to witness the celebration of his Centenary in 1871.

Traquair must have had a peculiar interest for the Sheriff, as it was the oldest inhabited mansion in the Forest, and was surpassed by few Scottish seats in historical interest. As far back as 1175 it was a favourite hunting lodge of the kings and queens of Scotland, which may account for Burns designating it as the Palace of Traquair. The great four-poster on its dais, where Queen Mary slept when she stayed at Traquair in 1566, and the oaken cradle of her baby, James VI., are still preserved in a ghostly room hung

with faded tapestries. Montrose found a refuge here after the battle of Philiphaugh, and there is a tradition that hither also came Prince Charles, during his six weeks' reign in Edinburgh, to solicit the Earl to join the expedition he was meditating against England. The Earl refused to come "out," but is said to have escorted the Prince to the head of the avenue, and in bidding him farewell, declared that the great gates should never be opened till a Stuart and a Catholic were on the throne.

This is one story regarding the cause which led to the closing of the entrance gates, another is that they were shut up in 1796 by the 7th Earl of Traquair after the death of his wife, when he announced his intention of never reopening them till another Countess should be brought home to fill her place, an event which never happened. It may be a matter of conjecture whether the gates were closed, or not, when Sir Walter was living at Ashestiel, but there can be no doubt that the two rampant armorial bears which guard the old-world entrance to Traquair were perfectly familiar to him, as they were erected in 1747, and probably suggested to him the multitudinous bears of the Barons of

Bradwardine. The house is easily seen from the gates, the avenue leading down to it being, as Waverley describes it, "Straight, of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely over-arched the broad road beneath."



Castle Street

" When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away ;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,

" When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home ;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night."



CASTLE STREET

CASTLE STREET

THE Sheriff usually quitted his lodge in the Forest about the middle of November, to fulfil his duties, on the meeting of the Law Courts in Edinburgh, as one of the principal clerks of the First Division of the Inner Court of Session.

This billet was easy and the salary was large. The Court sat some six months in the year, and the business was usually despatched in a few hours. During his attendance Scott had ample leisure to write many a letter, and doubtless also many a page of the Waverley Novels, as all the work he frequently had to do was (as he laughingly described it) the signing of his own short name.

"The moment I entered the Court of Session," writes Dr. Hedderwick, "I recognized him at once. He sat as one of the clerks of Court in front of the judges' bench. With what awe did I contemplate the hand that had taken the 'Harp of the

North' from its witch-elm and struck immortal music from its chords; yet that hand was now engaged putting past vulgar papers. I even declare that I beheld Scotland's greatest living son repeatedly yawn like an ordinary mortal, as if weary of his drudging occupation. In a little while up he rose, found his hat, and made for the door."

A narrow vestibule separated the court-room where Scott acted as clerk from the great hall of Parliament House. This hall was erected in 1639 for the use of the Scottish Parliament, but after the Union it became the Outer House of the Court of Session. It was a curious old place when Scott became an advocate here, as the judges were wont to sit in little niches in the walls hearing cases. A great part of the north end was cut off by a high wooden partition, behind which were stalls, where books, jewellery, and even cutlery were sold, Lord Cockburn telling how his first pair of skates was purchased in Parliament House. High in the east wall a hole was cut, through which the macer of the Second Division of the Court of Session, which sat upstairs, used to thrust his head, calling up counsel and clients to their pleadings and cases.

The business of the Court being over, Scott would depart for his house at 39 North Castle Street, and Dr. John Brown, in *Marjorie Fleming*, has given a



PARLIAMENT HOUSE

pleasant picture of him coming over the Mound from Parliament House, in the teeth of a blast of sleet, along with Clerk and Erskine.

"The third we all know," says Dr. Brown. "What has he not done for every one of us? As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, 'How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw—ay, that's the word—on-ding.'"

He did not take long to reach his "city home," but sometimes he was so lost in thought that he would enter the adjoining house, and not discover his mistake till hanging up his hat, when he would exclaim—"Ah! there are oor mony bairns' bonnets here, for this house to be mine." He delighted in the situation of North Castle Street, and it was often his custom when he took strangers home with him, to stop at the crossing of George Street, and point out to them the great beauty and airiness of the locality. "Scott's house in Edinburgh is divinely situated," wrote Coleridge; "it looks up a street full upon the rock and castle."

His den was behind the dining-room. The room, though denuded of the original furniture, books, and pictures, is otherwise unchanged, and is perhaps even more interesting than the studies at Ashestiel and

Abbotsford. It was here that he finished *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, and completed in one year *Peperil of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's*



Well. Dr. John Brown calls it "that wondrous workshop," and tells how, when he once took Thackeray into it, he could not but mark the solemnizing effect it had on the author of *Vanity Fair* as he gazed on the place where the Great Magician sat so often and so long.

He usually worked in the corner of the room

next the window, so that it was impossible for any one to see him from the outside, though his hand might be visible writing on the table. This window is unchanged ; it had no screen, but for safety a lock and key were attached to the centre sash, in order that it could be locked either when it was raised up or shut down. Through it can be seen the bow windows of the houses in George Street which command the back of Scott's house.



In January, 1814, when Scott returned from Abbotsford to Edinburgh, he brought with him the rough draft of *Waverley*, to which he had added

enough to make one volume. The manuscript was printed, and shown by Ballantyne to Constable, who offered £700 for it when the novel was completed. Accordingly there appeared in the Literary Intelligence of *The Scots Magazine* for January 1814, a small paragraph announcing that "*Waverley: or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*, a novel in 3 volumes, would be published in March."

Meanwhile Constable, having acquired the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, asked Scott to contribute to it two articles on "Chivalry" and "Romance." This request was complied with, and the novel, in consequence, was again laid aside, and remained untouched till June. Thereafter, during the evenings of three summer weeks, Scott wrote at lightning speed the two last volumes of *Waverley*.

In an upper room of one of the houses whose windows looked down on Scott's study there was gathered together on an afternoon in June, 1814, a party of blithe young men, among them Lockhart, as yet unknown to his future father-in-law. As the evening advanced, Lockhart noticed that his host grew very dull, and asked him if he were feeling unwell. "No," he replied, "I shall be

well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a



confounded hand in sight of me here, which won't let me fill my glass with a good will." "I rose to change places with him," says Lockhart, "and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilar-

ity." "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied—and

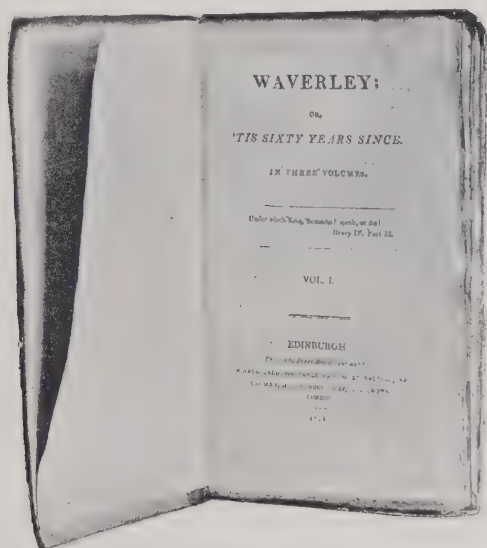
so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books." "Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed Lockhart or some other giddy youth in the company; "No, boys," said their host, "I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's." "This was the hand," says Lockhart, "that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of *Waverley*."

"In the Spring of 1814 appeared *Waverley*," says Carlyle, "an event memorable in the annals of British Literature, in the annals of British bookselling thrice and four times memorable."

The first edition of *Waverley* consisted of a thousand copies, price £1 1s. each. It is more valued by collectors than any other of Scott's books, an uncut copy now being worth close on twenty pounds.

Previous to its publication (as was the case with all the subsequent novels) two proofs were printed. One of these was carefully revised by James Ballantyne, who, after having made corrections in the margin, sent it on to Castle Street. Ballantyne was an adept at this work, his criticism occasionally eliciting some of

Scott's most vivid epithets and graphic touches. The author thereafter jotted down his own ideas as to the corrections, approving or disapproving as the case might be.



The alterations were copied on to the other proof by John Ballantyne, so that Scott's handwriting might never be seen by the printer. The publication was anonymous, and the secret as to the authorship was originally entrusted to ten friends, including the two

Ballantynes, Erskine, and Morritt of Rokeby. The novel passed from hand to hand, and made an instant and universal impression: the speculations and

CHAPTER XII.

The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

must THE celebrated passage which we have pre-
fixed to this chapter, has, like ~~all~~ observations of
the same author, its foundation in real expe-
rience. The period at which love is felt most
strongly, is seldom that at which there is much
prospect of its being brought to a happy issue.
The state of artificial society ~~exposes~~ many com-
plicated obstructions to early marriages; and the
chance is very great, that ~~they~~ prove insurmount-
able ~~and~~, in fine, there are few ~~grown~~ men who
do not look back in secret to some period of their
youth, at which a sincere and early affection was
repulsed, or betrayed, or became abortive/ from
opposing circumstances. It is these little pas-

*I. no more Affin
matters to be taken?
the whole
I suppose but
I never see
the happiness*

*of
such obsta-
cles. C*

6

conjectures, nods and winks, predictions and asser-
tions regarding the authorship were endless; in fact,
nothing ever gave Scott more satisfaction than finding
on his return from a sail round the north of Scotland
the whole town of Edinburgh in full cry after him.

This Hebridean cruise, taken in company with Louis Stevenson's grandfather, provided Scott with material for a new poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which occupied him for the rest of the year. When composing it, he commenced a correspondence with Mr. Joseph Train, who sent him a whole sheaf of Galloway legends and traditions, one of which was an account of a benighted astrologer, who lost his way in the wilds of Galloway. On this slender material Scott founded his novel of *Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer*; and in December of 1814 there appeared two paragraphs on different pages of *The Scots Magazine*, one announcing that Mr. Scott's poem of *The Lord of the Isles* would be published in January, the other to the effect that the "Author of *Waverley* was about to amuse the public with a new novel entitled *Guy Mannering*."

On 25th December, 1814, Scott wrote Constable that he was going to Abbotsford to "refresh the machine," which refreshing consisted in his writing during the Christmas holidays two volumes of the new tale.

This was a more wonderful feat than even the writing of *Waverley*, for *Waverley* had long been

simmering in his mind, whereas the story which suggested *Guy Mannering* had only been told him about two months prior to the novel being written, printed, and published.

Never was book received with greater transports of delight, the whole edition of 2000 copies being sold the day after publication. It is perhaps, with the exception of *Ivanhoe*, the most popular of all Scott's works. Ruskin places it before *In Memoriam*. George Gilfillan said that it read like one sentence. Wilkie Collins read it fifty times over. "Find me *Guy Mannering*," Dean Stanley would say, after perusing a novel of the modern type, "and let me take the taste out of my mouth."

Had it not been for Train, *Guy Mannering* might never have been written. His friendship with Scott forms one of the pleasant episodes of literary history. From the day the acquaintance began, he renounced every idea of authorship on his own account, and for upwards of eighteen years devoted all the time he could spare from his professional employment to collecting whatever he thought would interest Sir Walter. For two years they corresponded with each other without meeting, but in May, 1816, shortly after the

publication of *The Antiquary*, Train called at Castle Street.

Gazing on the portrait of Dundee, which hung over the mantelpiece of the study, Train remarked that he thought Claverhouse might be made the hero of a national romance, and if the story were delivered from the mouth of Old Mortality, in a manner somewhat similar to that of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, it would certainly heighten the effect of the tale. "Old Mortality," said Scott, "who is he?" "Never shall I forget," says Train, "the eager interest with which he listened while I related to him what I knew of old Robert Paterson the wandering inscription-cutter." On departing, Train promised that on his return to Galloway he would collect all particulars available respecting him. "Do so by all means," was the reply, "I assure you I shall look with anxiety for your communication."

The name Old Mortality may have been new to Scott, but not the man himself. Not only had he met Robert Paterson at Dunnottar, but in a note in his edition of Swift he had drawn the attention of the public to the old man. Scott seems, however, to have lost sight of him, for the note (dated 1814) says:

“This innocent and interesting enthusiast has been for some years either dead or unable to continue his labours, and the monuments of the martyrs are falling into decay.”

Robert Paterson was a Borderer, but migrated from his native district near Hawick to Closeburn in Dumfriesshire at the time of his marriage, having through his wife obtained from the Duke of Queensberry a favourable lease of the quarry of Gatelaw Brig. To push his trade as a stone-cutter and erecter of monuments, he made frequent journeys into Galloway, taking stones with him from his quarry, there being no freestone in that district. At first he sold these stones in the ordinary way; but as time went on he gave up business entirely, and devoted the last forty years of his life to repairing the inscriptions and erecting stones, without fee or reward, on the graves of the Covenanters who had fallen in Scotland's struggle for religious freedom.

In the autumn of 1793 Scott and Old Mortality were staying at the manse of Dunnottar in Kincardineshire, Scott draining the well of the castle, Old Mortality refreshing with his chisel the epitaph and ornaments on the tomb of those martyrs who had perished in the Whigs' Vault.



OLD MORTALITY.

The old man's appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the novel:—

“One summer evening, as I approached the deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard, and as I approached nearer I observed an old man, busily employed in deepening with his chisel, the letters of the inscription on the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddon-grey*, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness indicated its antiquity.”

To read the original negotiations which took place about the publication of *Old Mortality* is almost as interesting as the novel itself.

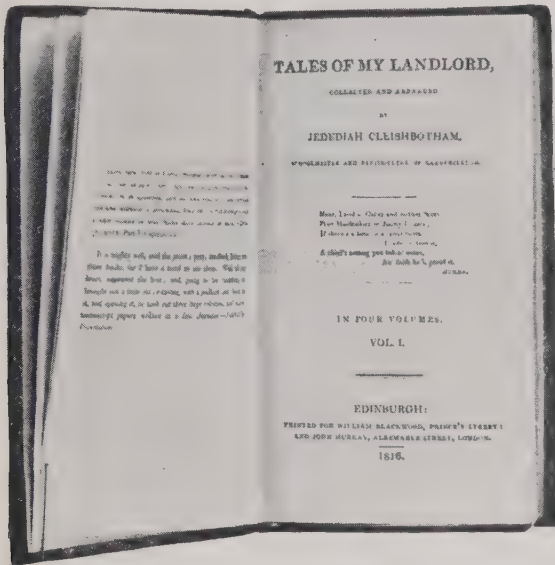
Scott had previously written *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*, the two latter bearing on the title-page the mysterious words, “By the Author of *Waverley*.” Constable had published *Waverley* and *The Antiquary*, while *Guy Mannering* had been entrusted to Longman, Rees & Coy. The novels had spread like wildfire, and from a publisher's point of view no literary property of the kind was more desirable to possess.

At this time Blackwood was straining every nerve to establish his business in Edinburgh, and acted as agent for John Murray, the London publisher. Blackwood was most anxious to be the publisher of a Waverley Novel, and approached the Ballantynes, through whom all negotiations with the unknown author had to pass. At length "a blind bargain," as John Murray termed it, was concluded. Blackwood in vain attempted to pierce the impenetrable veil that hid the writer. On one occasion he informs Murray that he thinks Greenfield might be the author, on another that Erskine and the Ballantynes have a hand in the novels; while Murray replies that he is told Hogg had written them, but his own belief is that Thomas Scott in Canada is the author.

"The Ballantynes are really a strange set of people," writes Blackwood, "I am not over fond of all these mysteries. John Ballantyne I always considered as no better than a swindler, but James I put some trust and confidence in. You judged more accurately, for you always said that he was a . . . cunning fellow. Constable is the proper person for them—set a thief to catch a thief."

Scott now determined to trail another red herring across the path, and instead of the new novel bearing on the title-page the magic words, "By the

Author of *Waverley*," he substituted for this "*Tales of my Landlord*, by Jedediah Cleishbotham." The first of the tales was *The Black Dwarf*, and the second, what Lockhart calls "the Marmion of the novels," *Old Mortality*.



Blackwood, on reading the proofs of the first tale, was much disappointed, and had the temerity to propose what he deemed would be a better termination of the plot. His suggestion was duly

communicated by Ballantyne to "The Great Unknown," and drew from Scott one of the most caustic letters which offended dignity could have penned.

DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impudent proposal. . . . Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made."

Carlyle corroborated Blackwood's opinion that the first tale was not up to the standard of the rest. "You have no doubt seen *Tales of my Landlord*," he writes from Kirkcaldy; "certainly *Waverley* and *The Black Dwarf* were never written by the same person." Blackwood admitted that any faults in *The Black Dwarf* were more than compensated by the excellence of *Old Mortality*. Murray thought it superior to the three preceding novels, and said that he never experienced such unmixed pleasure in all his life as the reading of this exquisite work afforded him.

A copy of the *Tales* was forwarded by Scott to Train, who must have smiled when he read the letter which accompanied the inscribed volumes. To Train, the name Cleishbotham must have dispelled any uncertainty regarding the authorship—one of the

articles he had forwarded to Scott, written by Mr. Broadfoot, teacher, of the clachan of Plumingham, having suggested this fanciful appellation.



As years passed, the bonds between Scott and Train drew closer, Sir Walter signing his letters to

him as his "sincerely obliged friend." Had it not been for Train, there would probably have been no *Guy Mannering* and no *Old Mortality*; "Wandering Willie's Tale" would have been missing from *Redgauntlet*, and *The Antiquary* and *The Heart of Midlothian* would have required to have gone forth deprived of two of their best characters, Edie Ochiltree and Madge Wildfire.

Train's enthusiasm went even further. It took a more tangible shape in collecting antiquarian relics for the collection at Abbotsford, his first present being Rob Roy's spleuchan, and his crowning gift the Wallace chair.

Only a silhouette of this good friend of Sir Walter's exists; his portrait seems never to have been painted. Faeḡ intended to include him in the picture of "Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford," but unfortunately at the time the artist was engaged on the canvas, Train's health precluded him from giving the painter the necessary sittings. His figure is thus missing from that celebrated group, but in no account of Sir Walter Scott and his writings can his name fail to occupy a noted place.

Glasgow

“With such dispatch as we might, we gained the town, or as Andrew Fairservice pertinaciously termed it, the city, of Glasgow.”



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

GLASGOW

THE novel which followed the *Tales of my Landlord* was *Rob Roy*. The name was suggested by Constable, who published it, and a special ship had to be chartered to convey the first edition of 10,000 copies to London. On the title-page were the old mysterious words, "By the Author of *Waverley*," and as before, speculation continued rife who this could be. The *Glasgow Courier* indicated that it was Lockhart, a rising young man of letters, and wound up a long article thus :

"We are day by day more satisfied that the Author of *Waverley* dwells in our midst, for no man who had not been born and bred in Glasgow could so minutely describe its lanes and avenues, and depict so vividly its manners and local peculiarities, as has been done in the new novel of *Rob Roy*."

A year later, when *The Heart of Midlothian*, from the same mysterious pen, was published, the

Caledonian Mercury, an Edinburgh newspaper, almost reproduced the words of the *Glasgow Courier*, with the material difference of substituting Edinburgh for Glasgow, and *The Heart of Midlothian* for *Rob Roy*. The Glasgow newspaper retaliated by saying :

“No doubt the early portion of *The Heart of Midlothian* refers principally to scenes in and around Edinburgh, but the author cannot finish it without coming back to his native West, and winding up his story amidst the Dumbartonshire hills, describing scenes and characters which are only to be found ‘where Clyde runs westward to the sea.’”

When composing *Rob Roy*, Scott assured Constable that he would “make a hit in a Glasgow weaver, whom he would ravel up with Rob.” He made also a hit in two other characters—the divine Di Vernon and the incomparable Andrew Fairservice.

Miss Cranstoun, Scott’s confidante, who afterwards became Countess of Purgstall, was wont to say that she was the prototype of Di Vernon. There were two reasons which she gave for this—one, that in her youth she was in the habit of riding much about the country on horseback ; another, that *Rob Roy* was the only novel Scott did not send her, in case, as she thought, of her displeasure at her character being

so portrayed to the life. Others, with perhaps greater discrimination, discern in Di Vernon the form and figure of Scott's first love. "What thrillings of pleasure," says Harriet Martineau, "Scott must have had in converse with the divine Diana!"

Scott seldom failed in the subsidiary characters of his novels, and in portraying Andrew Fairservice he even excelled himself. The very name is a touch of genius. Andrew's cunning and cowardice render him at first rather distasteful to the reader, but these obnoxious traits are gradually lost sight of in the quaintness of his humour and the numerous little turns of absurdity in his conversations and descriptions.

Sir Walter was always fortunate in depicting landscape or edifice, and never was he happier than in the description of Glasgow Cathedral which he put into the mouth of Andrew Fairservice.

"Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yer whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the world, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth and there awa', to cleanse them o' Papery and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices. Sae the Commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their

hand on purging the High Kirk o' popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train bands wi' took o' drum. And the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons rather than their kirk should coup the crans as others had done elsewhere. Sae they sune cam to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks, and sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased."

Ruskin devotes three pages of his essay, *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, to analyzing this one sentence of Andrew's, and says that it is a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value.

With the exception of the Cathedral and the steeple of the Tolbooth, all Sir Walter's haunts in Glasgow, such as the hostelry in King Street where he used to put up, the bookseller's shop in Hutcheson Street of his friend John Smith, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's house in the Saltmarket, and the college gardens where the quarrel between Francis and Rashleigh was cut short by The Macgregor, have long ago disappeared. But while these have gone, there is no city in the world where his memory is held in greater honour. It was this

esteem which prompted the citizens of Glasgow to rear, in 1837, the first Scott Monument, and in 1891 to found the first Scott Club.

There was a good strain of western blood in Sir Walter Scott. One of his remote ancestors was chamberlain to the Archbishop of Glasgow, and his great-great-grandfather was Robert Campbell of Sillercraigs, in Glasgow. Sir Walter was very proud of the latter connection, as it not only enabled him to claim kinship with many of the great Highland clans, but it gave him the right to don what he called "the noblest of all British costumes, the Garb of Old Gaul." It was the Campbell tartan in which he arrayed himself when George IV. visited Edinburgh.

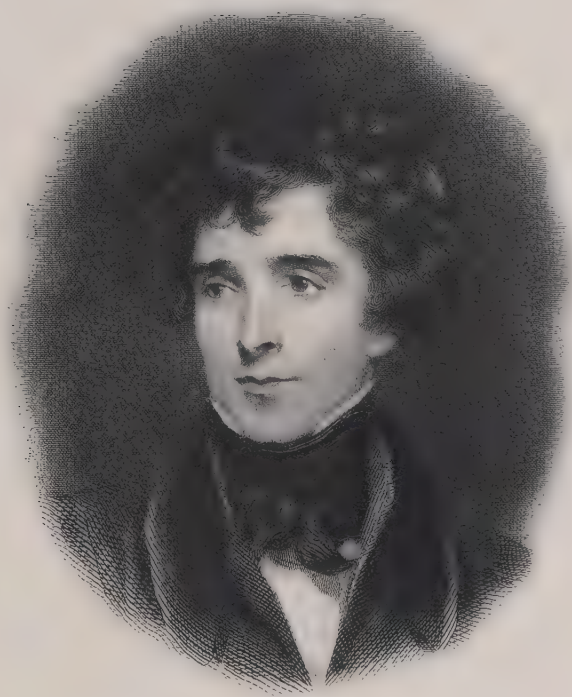
It should also be remembered that Scott's biographer was the son of the minister of the College Church in Glasgow, for though John Gibson Lockhart was not born in St. Mungo's town, he awoke to consciousness in the "fair capital of Clyde," and was educated at Glasgow University. Lockhart was endowed with a high order of manly grace, his fine Italian features and dark eyes being inherited from his mother, a lady of exceptional

beauty. No artist, not even Pickersgill, has been able to convey to canvas the full measure of his stately presence; but what the painter failed to portray, Wilson by his pen portrait in the *Noctes* has enabled us in some measure to realize, when he makes the Shepherd say:

"Wasna't me that first prophesied his great abeelities when he was only an Oxford Collegian, wi' a pale face and a black toozy head, but an e'e like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'd no canny?"

An article on "Heraldry," written in early manhood and published in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, was the turning point in Lockhart's career. It introduced him to the notice of Blackwood, and along with Wilson his aid was enlisted in starting a Tory magazine in, opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. Among his earliest contributions to its pages was a poem entitled *The Mad Banker of Amsterdam*, which gave great promise that the author would "blaze" some day.

The title is misleading, as, although the opening verses refer to Holland and Dutch life, the anonymous author, William Wastle Esq., is soon back to his native country satirizing the Literati of Edinburgh.



W. Arkhant

Verse twenty-four of Canto II. is an amusing description of his friend and colleague, Professor Wilson :

“He writes more malagrugously than Dante,
The City of the Plague’s a shocking poem ;
But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,
And jocular enough to those that know him.
To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o’er a bowl of punch than in his lines.”

As the proofs were being sent to press they fell into Wilson’s hands, who, finding himself thus mercilessly caricatured, retaliated by inserting an extra stanza which rather astonished the lampooner :

“Then touched I off friend Lockhart (Gibson John),
So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock and Wieland, Kant and Mendelssohn,
All High Dutch quacks, like Spurzheim or Feinagle.—
Him the Chaldee ycleped the Scorpion.—
The claws, but not the pinions, of the eagle,
Are Jack’s ; but though I do not mean to flatter,
Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire.”

The poem came out in a desultory manner, the first two cantos being published in July, 1818. Shortly before this Lockhart was introduced to Scott, and a pleasing reference to the mystery which Sir Walter delighted to shroud himself in, appears in the fourth canto :

"O had I Allan's pencil, or Scott's pen,
 —I mean the *Great Unknown*, whoe'er he be;
 O Walter, though folks doubt it now and then,
 The dark suspicion still returns to thee;—
 Say what you will, there are not many men
 Would be so shy of owning *Waverley*;
 But silence pleases your strange whim, no doubt—
 Well—do write on, that's all I care about."

The conclusion was reached in January, 1820.
 Lockhart was at the time a bachelor, and he brought
 his poem to a humorous end by asserting that
 despite of the many lures to entrap him into
 marriage he was determined to remain single:

"In short, since I've been Laird of Wastle,
 My heart is an unconquerable castle. . . .
 I'm quite determined to continue single—
 So, there's enough for once of Timon's jingle."

As a matter of fact, while inditing these lines he
 was paying his addresses to Scott's eldest daughter.
 The alliance, it is said, was much more favourably
 viewed by Lady Scott than by Sir Walter, who
 objected to the bitterness of Lockhart's character
 evidenced by his introducing personalities into the
 pages of *Maga*, and before giving his consent he
 extracted a promise from him that this mode of
 satirical writing would cease.

The wedding was celebrated in 1821, *more Scotico*, in Scott's Edinburgh house—in the evening—the guests being afterwards entertained to supper.

The young couple settled at Chiefswood, in the vicinity of Melrose. It was the last lairdship purchased to round off the Abbotsford estate, and,



though rather low-lying, was pleasantly situated about a mile and a half from the mansion-house. Beside the door, in place of the Tweed, runs a brook which Turner immortalizes in his drawing, but with his usual artistic latitude paints flowing the wrong way. From this burn the original cottage took the name of

Burnsfoot, but Scott was so delighted with the huge trees surrounding it, which he said were not like the Lilliputian forests of Abbotsford, that when building the new house he changed the name to Chiefswood. It served as a quiet retreat for Sir Walter when Abbotsford was full of guests. A room over the porch was allotted to him as a study, and in it *The Pirate* was, as Louis Stevenson describes, "romantically conceived but indifferently written."

One of the guests who graced Chiefswood with his presence was Disraeli, who came thither in the autumn of 1825, as Murray's plenipotentiary, seeking to persuade Lockhart to take charge of the *Representative*, a newspaper which the publisher was endeavouring to start as a London Daily. Lockhart, fearing that he would lose caste in society were he to take such a post, declined it, whereupon Murray immediately offered him the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. This he accepted, and as his doing so necessitated his removal to London, Chiefswood was let. In later life Lockhart spent the summer months at Milton-Lockhart, where he wrote a great portion of his father-in-law's biography. This house, situated on the banks of the Clyde, a

few miles below the celebrated falls, nearly opposite the Tower of Tillietudlem, in the most beautiful part of Lanarkshire, was the seat of his eldest brother, who



was Member of Parliament for the county. The site of the present mansion was chosen by Sir Walter, who thought Milton-Lockhart might be made the prettiest place in Scotland, and commended Lockhart's brother for having given his entrance bridge, which spans the Clyde, "ribs like Bothwell."

Few men have been so highly favoured as Scott in his literary friends. They were sent to him at the most opportune moments, just when their assistance was required. During the compilation of the *Minstrelsy* he became acquainted with Leyden, Hogg, and Laidlaw, who were the very men to aid him in such a work. When his poetical star began to wane, and he was starting on flights into the realms of romance, Train appeared to furnish him with legends and traditions of the past. Last of all, at the summit of his career, came Lockhart to be an adviser in his declining years and afterwards his literary executor.

Scott and Lockhart were widely different in disposition: the one easy, frank, and sociable, the other reserved, cold, and distant. Scott was a keen sportsman, Lockhart never could understand how any one could wander from morn till eve torturing fish and massacring birds. Yet, despite these differences of temperament, they had the happiest fellowship and closest sympathy. To the young man of letters Scott was "altogether lovely," and his deference and attention to his father-in-law were delightful to witness. The biography was a labour of love; a real affec-

tion for his subject, ample material, and a character in which there was nothing to conceal, were united to give full play to the genius of the writer, and Scott was portrayed in a manner worthy of the greatness of the man and of his works. "I doubt," says the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, "whether the life of a great man ever fell into the hands of a writer with equal opportunity of knowing the whole truth, and equal faculty of telling it."

Lockhart was also an admirable man of business, and it was owing to his management of Sir Walter's ravelled affairs that Abbotsford was preserved to Scott's lineal descendants. Had his only surviving son, Walter Scott Lockhart-Scott, lived, he would have inherited Milton-Lockhart as well as Abbotsford. He died, however, at Versailles in 1853, and the Lanarkshire property passed into the possession of Lockhart's younger brother, the Rev. Laurence Lockhart, D.D. The death of his son was a great blow to Lockhart, and he aged rapidly after it. His wife Sophia, who resembled her father more than any other of Sir Walter's children, had died in 1837, and only his daughter was left to him. She had married Mr. Hope, an eminent Parliamentary

barrister, and was now proprietrix of Abbotsford, and to be under her care he removed thither from Milton-Lockhart. His library was brought down from



London, and that he might be near his books the Breakfast room at Abbotsford was fitted up as his bed-chamber. This room was a cheerful one, with two windows, one looking to the Tweed, the other to Ettrick and Yarrow. Its walls were decorated

with the water-colours Turner painted to illustrate Scott's *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*, and a collection of books suitable for casual reading filled the shelves. For years Scott had used this room as his sanctum, but when his new study was completed, it was transformed into a breakfast room and called Sir Walter's parlour.

After settling at Abbotsford, Lockhart gradually grew weaker, and although able to drive about and visit various haunts of former days, it was soon evident that the hand of death was upon him.

In the adjoining room, Sir Walter, in his tender meditative farewell, had bade him be virtuous and religious, assuring him that nothing else would give him any comfort when he came to die. Lockhart with his silent reserve was supposed to be indifferent to religion, but this was a mistake. A clergyman who was in the habit of visiting him in his last years tells that "whatever topic their colloquy might begin with, it invariably fell into discussions upon the character and teaching of The Saviour, upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind, and upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny."

In the Breakfast room at Abbotsford Lockhart peacefully expired on 25th November, 1854, in the sixty-first year of his age, and in accordance with his request he was buried beside his father-in-law in Dryburgh Abbey. "Here at the feet of Walter Scott" (runs the inscription on the tombstone), "lie The Mortal Remains of John Gibson Lockhart, his Son-in-Law, Biographer, and Friend."



Abbotsford

“ I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house.”



ABBOTSFORD & EILDON HILLS.

ABBOTSFORD

ABBOTSFORD may be called the centre of Sir Walter's Land. It stands at a point of the Tweed where the river leaves the mountainous region of Ettrick Forest and expands into the more level and fertile country of Berwick and Roxburgh. It was originally a small farm called Cartleyhole belonging to Dr. Douglas, the parish minister of Galashiels. How it came into his possession we cannot say, as he was not a native of the district and never resided at the farm. It was to him that Mrs. Cockburn wrote in 1777 telling of her supper with Scott's father, and her astonishment at his little son's "extraordinary genius." Dr. Douglas preserved the letter, never dreaming that the youthful prodigy would purchase his farm and make it one of the most celebrated places in the world. But such

was the case;—thirty-four years later the bargain was struck, the name changed, and Scott commenced building his “plaything in stone.”

Glancing at the north front of Abbotsford we might think that the mansion had been constructed all at one time, whereas in reality there are five different buildings

“join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,
Forms a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet leaves a grand impression on the mind.”

Some of the walls of the old farm can still be traced near the servants' offices. The small cottage which Scott built the year after he got possession of the property (a sketch of which appeared in the fifth volume of the *Life*,) shows that it stood a short distance to the east of the farm. On the intervening space was erected, during the years 1816-1818, the first addition, which transformed Abbotsford into a rural villa of some size and pretension. This consisted of the square western tower and the present dining-room and parlour, the whole having, when Lockhart first saw it in 1818,



ABBOTSFORD.

“rather a fantastic appearance.” Meanwhile the farm had been converted into an estate by Scott’s purchasing at fabulous prices the adjoining lands on the north-west of Cauldshiels Loch, Kaeside, Huntlyburn, and Chiefswood. The mansion was then too small for the property and for the accommodation of the never-ceasing flow of guests. Scott had by this time received a Baronetcy, and the house was scarcely in keeping with the dignity of the title. Accordingly, in the winter of 1821, Sir Walter commenced his second and by far his greatest addition to Abbotsford. The cottage was demolished, and on its site was erected what Scott termed a manor-house, comprising within its walls the hall, drawing-room, library, and study, with bedrooms above and offices below. It took three years to build, and on its completion in 1824, Abbotsford, as far as Scott was concerned, was finished.

It remained without alteration till Mr. Hope-Scott came into possession in 1853. The place had been somewhat neglected since Sir Walter’s death in 1832, and everything needed restoration. Mr. Hope-Scott was rich, and had a mania for building. Being

desirous of making Abbotsford his principal summer residence, he spent large sums of money on it. An arrangement of access by which visitors might be admitted to the show-rooms was constructed, and for the use of his own family he built, during the years 1855-1857, on the east side, a large addition, consisting of a chapel, hall, drawing-room, boudoir, and a suite of bedrooms. The old kitchen, with its motto—**Waste not, Want not,**—was turned into a linen room, and there was erected a long range of new kitchen offices facing the Tweed, which raised the elevation of Scott's edifice and improved the façade of the house from the river. At the same time the avenue was lengthened, a lodge built, and the main road shifted several yards back, thus giving a privacy to the house which it had not possessed in former days.

Notwithstanding all these improvements and additions, Abbotsford when first seen scarcely realizes preconceived ideas regarding it, especially if these conceptions have been founded on Turner's beautiful, but fanciful drawings.

When Sir Walter was alive his personality shed a halo around the whole place, and some of his contem-

ABBOTS FORD



GARDEN FRONT :

- | | | |
|--|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| A. Gateway . built . by . Scott : | E . The Hall : | I . Tower containing . Turret . |
| B . Addition . built . by . Hope . Scott : | F . The Maple | Staircase from . Study to |
| C . Drawing Room . built . by . Hope . Scott | Bedroom : | Dressing Room : |
| containing . Lockhart's . Library : | G . Staircase : | J . Scott's Dressing . Room : |
| D . Entrance Porch . copied . from | H . Scott's | East Window of . |
| Linlithgow . Palace : | Study : | K . Scott's Bedroom : |



NORTH FRONT :

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| K . North window of . | O . Armoury . | R . Original Kitchen : |
| Scott's Bedroom | P . Dining Room . | S . West . Tower |
| L . George IV's Rooms | Breakfast Room . | with Bell |
| M . Library | Q . Sir Walter's Parlour | T . Kitchen . Offices |
| N . Drawing Room | originally Scott's Sanctum : | built . by . Hope . Scott : |

poraries could hardly find words flattering enough to describe its beauties. "A place to dream of, not to tell," "a perfect picture of the wonderful owner's mind," "a mosaic of Scottish history," "a romance in stone and lime," were some of the phrases by which it was designated.

Against these must be set some calmer descriptions of a more modern date. Carlyle led the way by simply calling it "a stone house in Selkirkshire," and Hugh Miller followed by describing it as "a supremely melancholy place." Neither of these men were great lovers of Scott, and the pages of his enthusiastic admirers should be consulted. When this is done, it will be found that there is either complete silence, or at the most, only faint praise. Fitzgerald in old age made a special journey to Scotland to see Abbotsford, but he speaks of the trees which Sir Walter planted and of the Tweed, and says little about the house. Pages of Ruskin are taken up with descriptions of Ashestiel, while Abbotsford is dismissed in two lines, as "perhaps the most incongruous pile that gentlemanly modernism ever designed." "It lies low and looks rather gloomy," is the entry in Her Majesty's Journal ;

"A place to see once, but never again," writes Dean Stanley; while Dr. John Brown, one of Scott's sincerest worshippers, actually calls it "the ugly Abbotsford."



Scott has been called the Guardian Genius of Antiquity, and an examination of the exterior of Abbotsford shows that the title is fairly merited, as antiquarian stones, sculptured figures, and relics of the past are scattered everywhere in most unlikely places. A short account of these may therefore not be out of place, but first a few words should be devoted to Hope-Scott's addition.

From the south it is easily recognizable, as it is built of light freestone, whereas Sir Walter's

house has a dark appearance, being constructed of the native red whinstone. Mr. Hope-Scott, who was one of the leaders in the Tractarian movement, built a chapel to the west of the private entrance. Here Dr. Newman, who said that Scott's poetry gave him more pleasure than Wordsworth's, occasionally officiated. In the boudoir there hangs an engraving of his portrait by Millais, with an inscription in the Cardinal's handwriting. The undying nature of the intimacy of Hope-Scott and Newman was well expressed by the card fastened to the door of Newman's cell in the Oratory at Birmingham, on which were written the words :

"Pray for the soul of Hope-Scott."

Lockhart's library has found a permanent home in the new drawing-room, where it occupies the whole of the northern wall. Mr. Hope-Scott, like his father-in-law, cherished the memory of Sir Walter, and at one time thought of writing a book about him. This was never accomplished, but he prepared for publication a new edition of Lockhart's *Abridged Life of Scott*, with a prefatory letter to Mr. Gladstone.

Abbotsford proper is enclosed by an embattled wall, rising out of which is a castellated gateway with incisions in the pillars, a spy-hole, and a



sculptured portcullis with Scott's motto, "Clausus tutus ero" (an anagram of his name in Latin), cut over the top of the massy portal. On the left of the iron-clenched oaken door hangs the "jagg" or "jougs," brought from Thrieve Castle in Galloway, an iron ring which was used in former days for encircling the neck of a culprit. The gateway is

modern, and must not be confounded with the old door which once belonged to "the Bastille of Edinburgh." In 1817, when the first addition



to Abbotsford was in progress, this prison was being demolished. Scott thereupon wrote to the contractor and asked for the niche above the door of the Tolbooth, humorously adding that though many a man had got a niche *in* the Tolbooth by building, he believed he was the first that ever got a niche *out of it* on such an

occasion. The request was acceded to, and Scott not only received the ornamental stones but the door itself.

"I have an admirable situation for it," he writes, "and hope so many sore hearts will not pass through the celebrated door when in my possession as heretofore."

It originally stood in a court at the west of the house, but is now inserted in the wall abutting the entrance porch. This porch was copied from Linlithgow Palace, and the arms of the family with the mottoes,

Watch weel, Reparabit cornua Phœbe,
are displayed prominently above it.



To the right of the entrance is the grave of Maida, covered by a stone effigy of Scott's favourite deerhound. The Latin inscription round the base,

*Maidæ Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida
ad ianuam domini sit tibi terra levis*

was thus freely translated by Scott :

“Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master’s door.”

Near the stables a stone with the motto,

By gize
li preux
Percy,

marks the grave of his greyhound Percy.

The centre of the courtyard is occupied by a fountain, the octagonal pedestal of which is said to have been the foundation of Dun-Edin’s Cross. “But now is razed that monument,” says Scott, in *Marmion*,

“Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland’s law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.”

The screen of freestone with its elliptic arches and iron lattice work which divides the courtyard from the gardens was designed by Sir Walter. There is an iron gate in the centre arch with a quaint figure of a man with a scroll. This gate is now closed, but originally it gave access to the gardens, where can be seen the kneeling figure of Morris pleading for his life, and the dial-stone, with its



ABBOTSFORD.



motto, ΓΑΡ ΝΥΞ ΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ—"For the night cometh."
Across the archway leading into the fruit garden is
inscribed the text:

*Et audiverunt Vocem
Domini deambulantis
in horto. Gen. cap. iii.*

while within this walled enclosure is preserved with
care a tree, "survivor sole" of all the fruit trees
planted by Sir Walter.

There is only one date on the south front of
Abbotsford, 1822, cut on a stone below the stair-
case window. To the east of this is the study,
and beyond it again the tower, from whose summit
Scott was able to obtain a glimpse of the Eildon
Hills. Embedded in the solid-jointed mason-work
of the eastern gable are several sculptured corbels,
bits of antiquity, and a long stone near the visitors'
entrance, which has engraven on it the legend:

By Night By day Remember ay the goodness of ye Lord
And thank his name whos glorious fam is spread
Throghout ye world,

N

Sir Walter's bedroom was situated in the north-east corner of this gable, and was lighted by two windows, one looking towards Melrose, the other to the Tweed.

Adjoining it are what may be termed the State apartments, known as the rooms of George IV. The intimacy between Scott and his Sovereign has often been commented on. The title conferred on him was a spontaneous act on the King's part as a recognition of Scott's great literary attainments, and it was a frequent remark of George IV. that he was proud that this Baronetcy was the first creation of his reign. The loyalty of the reception given to the Monarch on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh was largely due to Scott's exertions, for Sir Walter was considered to be prejudiced in favour of the old Jacobite party, and his having ranged himself on the side of the King helped to extinguish the last embers of the discontent of the '45. In Mr. Gladstone's opinion Scott was the first to fuse Scotland and England.

The windows of the principal rooms present a continuous façade to the Tweed. Farther east are those of the library. The lintel over the great

bow window came from the common Hall of the old University of Edinburgh, and bears an inscription from Seneca :



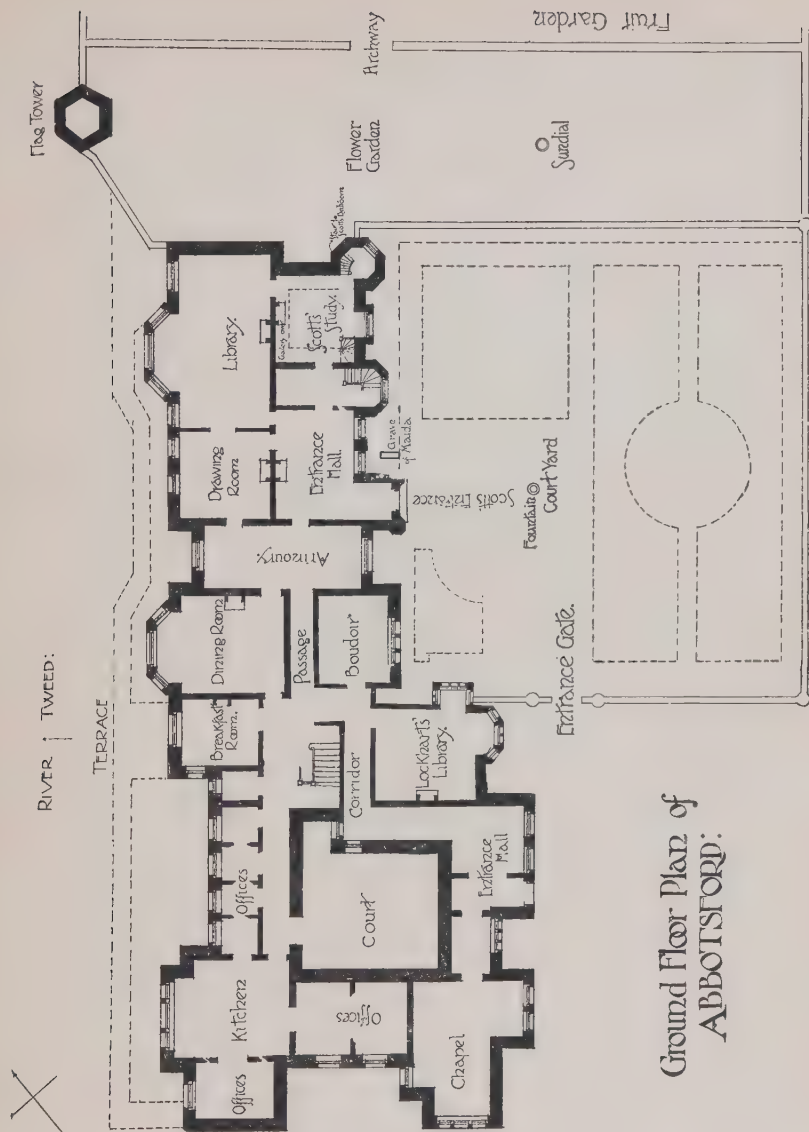
VIRTUS RECTOREM DUCEMQUE
DESIDERAT; VITIÆ—SINE—MAG-
ISTRO DISCUNTUR. ANNO 1616.

Next the library is the drawing-room, then the armoury, then the dining-room, and last Sir Walter's parlour.

The square western tower, which figures so prominently in all the pictures of Abbotsford, was the first tower erected by Scott, and on its completion a dinner was given to inaugurate the new mansion.

"I had never before seen Scott in such buoyant spirits (writes Lockhart) as he showed that evening, and I never saw him in higher afterwards. When we rose from table he proposed that we should all ascend his western turret, to enjoy a moonlight view of the valley. The stairs were dark, narrow, and steep; but the Sheriff piloted the way, and at length there were as many on the top as it could well afford footing for. Nothing could be more lovely than the panorama; all the harsher and more naked features being lost in the delicious moonlight. Scott, leaning on his battlement, seemed to hang over the beautiful vision as if he had never seen it before. 'If I live,' he exclaimed, 'I will build me a higher tower, with a more spacious platform, and a staircase better fitted for an old fellow's scrambling.'"

If the exterior of Abbotsford fails to realize the expectations usually formed of it, the interior is certainly not disappointing, and may fairly claim to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. The principal rooms rejoice in an antique appearance, and their construction and decoration imposed upon Sir Walter an immense amount of thought, time, and money. "There is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence," says Carlyle, "about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured. . . . To cover the walls of a stone-house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with a delirium of a kind?"



The "genealogical shields" here alluded to adorn the ceiling of the Entrance Hall. Along both sides are the escutcheons and names of the famous border clans, with the inscription in black letter :

*These be the Coat Armouris of ye Clannis
and men of Fame quha keepit the Scottish Marches
in ye days of auld. They were worthie in thair tyme
and in thair defens God thaim defendid.*

There is also a range of sixteen shields running along the centre of the roof, thirteen of which are emblazoned with the names and arms of the families with whom Scott claimed kinship. On his father's side, running west, are the names of Scott, Cad^t Reaburn ; Haliburton, Merton ; Campbell, Siller-craigs ; M'Dougal, Makerston ; Murray, Lord Elibank ; Scott, Dryhope ; Ker, Fairnilee ; Riddel, Riddel ; and on his mother's side, running east, Rutherford, M.D. ; Swinton, Swinton ; Shaw, Bargarⁿ ; Ker, Bloodielaw ; Ainslie. Could Scott have emblazoned all the shields he would have had a perfect pedigree, but not being able to trace back his mother's genealogy, he filled up the three blanks with clouds and the motto, Alta—Nox—Premit.

Two complete suits of feudal steel armour occupy

niches at the end of the hall. The smaller is that of a French knight of the middle ages, while the larger is supposed to have belonged to Sir John Cheney, the biggest man who fought on the field of Bosworth. The head of Wordsworth on the mosaic table is a plaster cast of the original marble bust by Chantrey at Coleorton Hall ; right opposite is Erskine's



pulpit, which Sir Walter turned into a small wine-cellar, while in the window in a glass case is the hat and the last suit of clothes worn by the Author of *Waverley*.

“Stepping westwards” we enter the Armoury, which runs right across the house, and forms a sort of ante-room between the dining and drawing-room. It consists of two

parts, separated by an oaken wicket of Gothic architecture. The south armoury contains some curious coffers and a small statuette of Sir Walter by Greenshields. On the walls are drawings by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and



water-colour portraits of Scott's friends and servants. Here hang the portraits of Tom Purdie and John Ballantyne, with both of whom Scott was on terms of great intimacy. The former was his factotum

when at Abbotsford, his forester, his out-of-door servant, his practical right-hand man in everything; the latter, his companion when in town, his partner and confidential friend in many important transactions. To John Ballantyne, Scott was indebted for the most precious relic in the armoury, viz., the sword presented by Charles I. to Montrose, a blade which James VI. could not have looked on "without blinking and winking."

On the top of the case which contains the sword is a copy of Robert Bruce's candlestick which interested Queen Victoria at the time of her visit. Opposite is Rob Roy's gun, a long Spanish-barrelled piece, which bears the initials R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell), the latter name being assumed by the Highland raider in compliment to the Argyll family. Above it is Sir Walter's own gun, and the pistols and sabre worn by him when a yeoman in the Edinburgh Light Dragoons. Contiguous hang Speckbacker's rifle—presented to Scott by Sir Humphrey Davy—with which the Tyrolese chief was said to have shot thirty Bavarians in one day. The pistols of Claverhouse and those of Napoleon, the thumbscrews and iron

crown of Wishart the martyr, are to be seen on the intervening wall.

A door from the armoury leads into the Dining-room, which Scott called his "own great parlour." It is situated in the old part of the house, and is built at such a height that a view is obtained not only of the banks, but of the river itself, gliding with stately movement past the mansion. From these windows the aged and worn-out Wizard looked down on the Tweed for the last time, as it was in the dining-room he died. It was the first room of any pretensions that Scott built at Abbotsford, and much care was expended on its design and decoration. The roof is so beautifully painted, and so ingeniously panelled and tied with ornaments and escutcheons at the places where the lines cross each other, that it has often been mistaken for solid carved oak, nevertheless it is only stucco. Scott adorned the walls with all the portraits of his ancestors which he could collect. His great-grandfather romantic old Beardie, his opulent grandfather honest Robin of Sandyknowe, his aristocratic grandmother Miss Haliburton of Dryburgh, and his father, all hang side by side.

"He seemed never to weary of perusing these portraits," says Lockhart, "and when moralizing in his latter day over the doubtful condition of his ultimate fortunes, he would point to "Honest Robin" and say: "Blood will out;—my building and planting was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk over again; and yet," glancing to the likeness of his own staid calculating father, "it was a wonder, too, for I have a thread of the attorney in me."



Many oil portraits of Sir Walter were painted, and it seems strange that only one should grace the walls

of Abbotsford. This one, however, is probably the finest of all, and occupies the place of honour in the Drawing-room. "What ease and dignity in the attitude! what richness of colouring! what breadth and depth of shade!" It is a full length by Raeburn, and almost the same as the picture painted for Constable, the background, however, being altered from Liddesdale to Yarrow, and one of Scott's grey-hounds introduced, as well as 'Camp.'

Several other interesting family portraits are in this room, among which may be mentioned those of Scott's mother, by Watson; Lady Scott, by Saxon; and Sir Walter's great-grand-daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the proprietrix of Abbotsford.

"Scott," says Ruskin, "neither cared for painting nor sculpture, and was totally incapable of forming a judgment about them." He admired Thomson's landscapes, and it is said that had his own wishes been consulted, his *Magnum Opus* would have been illustrated by the artist-minister of Duddingston instead of by Turner. A good example of Thomson's work is to be seen here in the picture of Fast Castle, while a water-colour of Jedburgh, by Bennet, recalls Scott's connection with that old Border town.

The walls are covered with Chinese paper, given to Scott by his cousin, the Laird of Raeburn. A recess in the wall is occupied by Scott's true monument,



viz., his own works in some ninety volumes, comprising a complete collection of his ballads, poems, essays, reviews, sermons, translations, histories, and romances—"Who else," says Dr. John Brown, "ever so diverted mankind, entertained or entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely?"

When Sir Walter was building Abbotsford he received numerous presents from his admirers. These are to be found in the adjoining Library. Constable's tribute was two elaborately carved chairs, an ebony escritoire came from George IV., and the celebrated bust of Scott at the end of the room was presented by Chantrey eight years after it was sculptured. This bust did not occupy its present position in Scott's time, as the niche was filled by an effigy of Shakespeare; but the day after the funeral it was placed here by his son.

The portrait of the second Sir Walter Scott, by Sir William Allan, is over the chimney-piece. An American gazing on it once asked the question, What battle this officer was slain in? He never saw active service; in fact, his life was as eventless as his father's was eventful. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Hussars he went to Madras in 1839, and commanded that regiment in India. When returning home in 1847, he died at sea, on board the "Wellesley," near the Cape of Good Hope. His remains were interred at Dryburgh. With his death the title became extinct.

Naturally, Sir Walter spent more care on the

construction of the library than on any of the other apartments. The woodwork is exceptionally beautiful, the roof being of cedar, with carving copied from



Roslin Chapel. Sir Walter's bibliomaniacal collection, begun in his father's house in Edinburgh, continued at Lasswade Cottage and at Ashestiel, has here found a fitting home, and is catalogued in a quarto volume published in 1838 by the Bannatyne Club.

Adjoining is the Study, which contains a valuable library of reference, the books being in the same position in which Sir Walter left them. It has been described as "a small dark room," but this is scarcely accurate, as the study is of fair size, and lighted by a large window which looks out to the courtyard. A private staircase connected the study with his dressing-room. This was of great use to Scott as, when the house was crowded with guests, it allowed him to gain or leave his sanctum without being disturbed in any way. The study in Scott's time contained only two chairs—his own large green morocco elbow-chair, and the Wallace chair presented by Joseph Train. More chairs were unnecessary, as few persons were allowed to enter here, guests being entertained in the library.

A common erroneous impression regarding this study is that Scott wrote nearly all his great novels here, whereas he only composed in it his later works, such as *Woodstock*, *Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Tales of a Grandfather*, etc., etc. Yet it must never be forgotten, while honour continues to be paid to scrupulous desire to meet every just obligation, that here was fought a fight as stern and noble as any

in the annals of Border warfare, for here, within only a year of the completion of the room, was begun and continued till death the heroic struggle to



retrieve the position of solvency, by literary exertions unparalleled in their effort, which will ever remain an enduring monument to Scott's memory.

The undimmed splendour of Abbotsford may be said to have lasted only during the year 1825. Faed

in his well-known picture, "Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford," has depicted an imaginary gathering such as might have taken place at this period when Scott was at the height of his fame. Sir Walter has just completed a new novel and is about to read a few pages of his manuscript. The place of honour has been assigned to Mackenzie the "Man of Feeling," whom Burns called the Scottish Addison, and to whom Scott dedicated *Waverley*. Christopher North leans on the back of a chair and glances over to the Ettrick Shepherd; next to North is Crabbe, "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best"; then comes Lockhart, who is holding a colloquy with Wordsworth. The head of Wordsworth is the most beautifully painted in the group, though the glass of wine should hardly have been placed opposite one who styled himself "a simple water-drinking bard." Wordsworth, says a writer, is placed in happier fellowship with Jeffrey than he ever was in his life; it may be noticed, however, that the critic turns his back on him. The military boots of Sir Adam Fergusson recall the days when he served in the Peninsular War and charmed his comrades by reading *The Lady of the*



SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS

Lake in the lines of Torres Vedras. The figures at the further end of the table crowd upon one another. Tom Moore sits opposite Tom Campbell. The painters, Allan and Wilkie, stand at the back of Constable and Ballantyne. Sir Humphrey Davy is examining a sword, while Mr. Hugh Thomson is placed where he should be—rather “out in the cold,” as, while he might be termed an acquaintance, he could scarcely be called a friend of Sir Walter Scott.

Faed painted a second picture of the same subject, which is now in the collection of Mr. Isaac Holden, of Woodlands Park, Bradford, and introduced Byron and Washington Irving, but in doing so he left out two of Scott's greatest friends, viz., Constable and James Ballantyne. These two men were closely associated with Scott throughout his life, in sunshine and storm. They may be said to have been indebted to him for their success, and perhaps not less for their failure.

Every careful reader of Scott's life must have observed that from an early period he was noted for his generosity and openhandedness, and being in addition of an ambitious nature, he had ever before him the difficulty of finding the adequate means to

keep up his position in society. The necessity of augmenting his income induced him to become an unavowed partner with James Ballantyne under the style of James Ballantyne & Co., Printers.

At the outset the expedient answered his purpose, and the connection proved so lucrative that on a disagreement with Constable, Scott was induced to start an opposition publishing firm, under the style of John Ballantyne & Co., he having one half share of the business. This new enterprise proved disastrous, and it ended in his having to make Herculean efforts to pay the enormous losses incurred, the large profits derived from *The Lord of the Isles*, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, and *Old Mortality* being swallowed up in the abyss. Meantime Scott's rising position necessitated greater expenditure, and a new mine had to be opened to meet ever increasing demands. This mine was his intellect, and to procure immediate supplies he resolved to sell his writings in advance. Not being able to induce London publishers to venture upon the terms of providing payment before the novels were composed, he had again recourse to Constable. Ready money was required, and to provide this a system of paper

was adopted which gradually enlarged till Scott, Constable, and Ballantyne found themselves on an ocean of credit "without either rudder or compass," each drawing and redrawing accommodation bills on the other. Scott knew the risk, and, in a letter to the Countess of Purgstall, dated 1820, we find him forecasting his misfortunes :

"For my own course of life [he had just been gazetted a Baronet] I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination, for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. . . . Should things therefore change with me,—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended,—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages."

In the same year, 1820, John Ballantyne was taken ill, and, writing to Constable, says :

"I was thinking, if you and I were to pop off at this crisis, what a fine 'redd up' they would have to set about!"

Constable was a business man, and in 1823, becoming alarmed at the increasing paper transactions of his firm with James Ballantyne & Co., an accountant was instructed to examine the books and prepare a statement. Sir Walter, on learning of this, objected

to his dealings with the house of Constable being submitted to investigation, and the audit proceeded no further.

The opening of 1826 witnessed the greatest literary financial collapse of this century. Constable failed for about a quarter of a million sterling, and immediately thereafter James Ballantyne & Co. suspended payment. Lockhart does not mention the exact liabilities of James Ballantyne & Co., but in the introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate* the sum of £120,000 was stated as the amount required to meet the claims of their creditors. Scott was also liable for a private debt of £10,000 which he had previously raised on Abbotsford with a view of averting the disaster.

The assets chiefly consisted of Scott's shares in gas, oil, and railway companies, his house in Castle Street, and his collection of books and furniture. Abbotsford, which had absorbed a large part of the money, his creditors could not touch, as he had previously, on the occasion of his son's marriage with Miss Jobson of Lochore, entailed the estate, subject to certain reservations.

Sir Walter manfully set himself to the task of

righting things, surrendered every item of property which he could call his own, executed a trust deed, and assured his creditors that if time were only given him he would redeem all. When asked where he could possibly expect to find means to meet such an enormous demand, he pointed significantly to his head and answered, "Here."

The house in Castle Street was sold, but he was allowed meanwhile to retain his collection and furniture at Abbotsford. He still had what he called a moderate income of £1600 a year from his professional appointments, and with this and the proceeds from his contributions to annuals, magazines, etc., such as "the elegant compilation called the *Keepsake*," from which sometimes he would get £500 for a short article, he maintained the establishment at Abbotsford. In Edinburgh he had now no house which he could call his own, but resided first in rooms in North St. David Street, then in Walker Street and Shandwick Place, and latterly he stayed with Mr. Cadell, his publisher.

Mr. Cadell was Constable's son-in-law and junior partner. A short time before the collapse, in the absence of his chief, he had paid Scott £1000 for his

dramatic sketch of *Halidon Hill*, which was written in two days. Judging from this apparently wild bargain one would naturally conclude that Cadell was of a rash, speculative disposition, but such was not the case. He was shrewd, cautious, and, as Lockhart styles him, one of the most acute men of business in creation. After the failure he separated from Constable and started business alone, purchasing on behalf of Sir Walter and himself the copyrights of the novels and poems for £8500, and publishing the whole in one uniform edition, with notes by Scott and illustrations by some of the best artists. The large profits accruing from this edition, from the new novels, from the *Life of Napoleon*, *Tales of a Grandfather*, etc., etc., reduced the debts of James Ballantyne & Co., at the time of Scott's death, from £120,000 to about £54,000. A further sum of £22,000 received from Scott's life insurance, and an advance from Mr. Cadell of £32,000 enabled the executors, in 1833, to settle in full with the creditors of James Ballantyne & Co.

All that remained now was to repay Mr. Cadell's advance of £32,000, and to remove the mortgage of £10,000 from the lands of Abbotsford. During the

lifetime of the second Baronet the sale of the novels continued as briskly as ever, and on his death in 1847 it was found that the debt had been reduced to £16,000 and the mortgage on the lands to £8500.

Lockhart's son being now heir to Abbotsford, an arrangement was effected with Mr. Cadell, by which the advance was wholly obliterated, and the estate unfettered.

"I have finally settled all our Sir Walter's affairs," Lockhart writes to Mr. Croker under date May 11th, 1847. "There remained debt secured on the lands £8500, to Cadell £16,000, and sundries £1000. I have taken the £1000 on myself, and Cadell obliterates the £24,500 on condition of getting the whole remaining copyrights of Scott's works and also of the *Life*. In a year or so thus my son gets Abbotsford, burthened only with his aunt's jointure, the surplus income, unless things improve, about £400 a year."

At the time of his failure Scott surrendered his collection at Abbotsford to his creditors, but on the occasion of their receiving a second dividend on the Ballantyne estate, they requested him to accept his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as a mark of their sense of his honourable conduct. He was much gratified at

this, as he said it enabled him to eat with his own spoons, and study with his own books. He valued his collection and library at £10,000, and in his will he left it to his eldest son, with a burden to the extent of £5000, which sum was to be divided among his younger children.

To comply with his father's will, the heir would have required to have dispersed the collection, had it not been that a subscription, raised in England by a number of gentlemen for the purpose of testifying public respect for Sir Walter Scott in his misfortunes, was appropriated to purchasing the library, paintings, and relics, and holding them in trust for behoof of the public and family. The trust is vested in the Dean and Council of the Faculty of Advocates, who are empowered to leave the collection in the charge and keeping of Scott's representatives at Abbotsford, or, should necessity arise, to remove it from its present housing. The collection is thus held under different conditions from the entailed mansion and estate.

Constable paid only a small composition to his creditors, and died on 21st July, 1827, a year after his failure. On the day on which he expired he

called his son to his bedside and, taking him by the hand, said :

“Dear Tom, I leave you very poor, but I trust that at least you will find the name you bear no disadvantage to you.”

James Ballantyne paid practically nothing, and was afterwards employed as manager of his old printing establishment, which was soon put on a sound business footing. On the death of his wife, shortly after the failure, he retired for a time to Jedburgh, shutting himself up in seclusion. He survived Scott only a few months, and died on January 14th, 1833. His brother John had died in 1821—five years before the storm broke.

Mr. Cadell confined his attention to working the Scott copyrights in every possible manner for a speedy sale, and by this means he realized a large fortune, became the Laird of Ratho, and latterly (in May, 1847) the sole proprietor of the copyrights of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott.

In the *Athenæum* of January 20th, 1849, there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Cadell was contemplating selling the copyrights, but in the next issue of the paper his death was announced.

On March 26th, 1851, the entire stock and copyrights of the life and works of Scott were exposed for sale in London. Bidding rose to £13,500 when they were withdrawn, the reserve price being £30,000. Subsequently in the same year they were sold by private bargain for £27,000, to Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, publishers, Edinburgh.



Dryburgh Abbey

"Tell me not the good and wise
Care not where their dust reposes."



DRYBURCH ABBEY.

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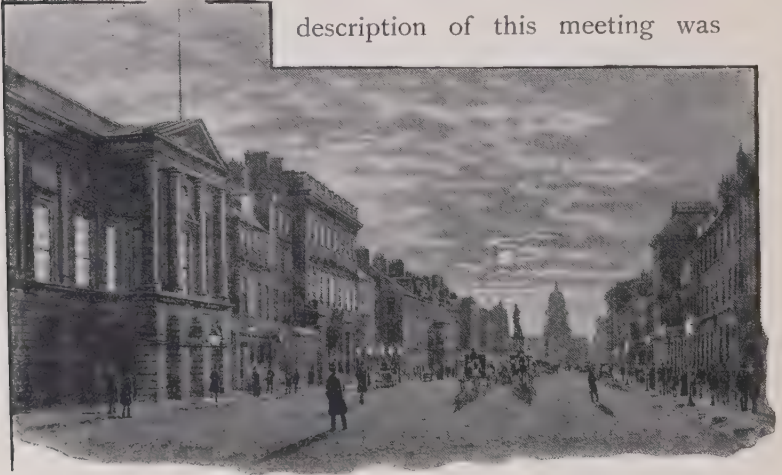
DRYBURGH ABBEY

SCOTT had the faculty of completely forgetting what he called "these vile cash matters" and concentrating his mind on his literary work. *Woodstock* was the novel he was writing when the crash came, yet the reader would never imagine that the author while composing it had been reduced from a position of affluence to poverty.

"*Woodstock*," says Ruskin, "is of very high value. He knew then of his ruin, and wrote in bitterness, but not in weakness. The closing pages are the most beautiful of the book."

The old mysterious words, "By the Author of *Waverley*," appeared on the title-page, mysterious now for the last time. A few months after its publication, at the first dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, held in the Assembly Rooms in George

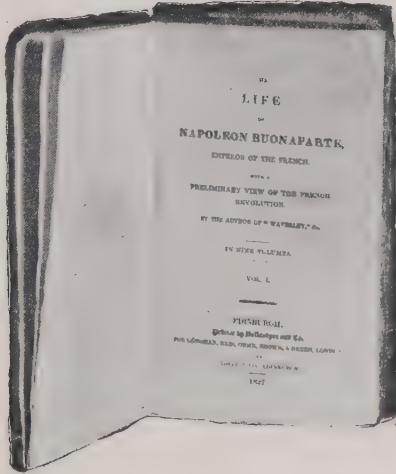
Street on 23rd February, 1827, Scott, in replying to his health, confessed that he was the sole unassisted author of these works. A graphic description of this meeting was



given by Sheriff Glassford Bell, when proposing the distinguished contemporaries of Sir Walter at the Scott Centenary banquet in Glasgow.

“It is now forty-four years,” said the Sheriff, “since I saw Scott preside on that eventful evening at the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund dinner. I have attended many great gatherings since, but none where the assemblage was carried away by the same rapturous excitement. When, in responding to the toast of his health, Scott rose and said that he was now willing to plead guilty to being the sole unassisted author of the novels, the hall was filled with such a

shout of enthusiastic admiration and affection as I believe was never equalled before or since. The deafening and prolonged cheers were taken up by a great crowd which had assembled in the street, and came back to us with increased energy again and again."



The *Life of Napoleon* in nine volumes followed *Woodstock*. It was the labour of a twelvemonth, written at high pressure, in the midst of pain and sorrow; but it produced for his creditors a sum which Lockhart said it startled him to mention, £18,000. "I never take down a volume of Scott's writings," says the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, "published in or after 1826, without thinking of the

circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the well at Bethlehem which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life." Prefixed to the work was an introductory volume giving a general account of the Rise and Progress of the French Revolution, and it is worthy of remark that it was this work which nearly brought him into touch with his literary successor who so aptly handled the same theme. Scott sent a copy to Goëthe accompanied by a letter dated 9th July, 1827.

"I have entreated Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz to find some means of conveying to you a hasty, and of course rather a tedious attempt to give an account of that remarkable person, Napoleon, who had for so many years such a terrible influence in the world."

Goëthe was a great admirer of Scott's works, but, strange to say, he did not acknowledge the presentation directly, but wrote to his young disciple, Carlyle, telling him that if he saw Sir Walter Scott he was to inform him that he had received his *Life of Napoleon*, and had "read it through with attention from beginning to end." At the same time he forwarded two medals of himself which he asked Carlyle

to present, "*mit verbindlichsten Grüßen*," to Sir Walter Scott. Carlyle was then living in Edinburgh, but was only known to the world as the translator of Goëthe's *Wilhelm Meister*. On receipt of the medals he wrote to Scott as follows:

"13th April, 1828.

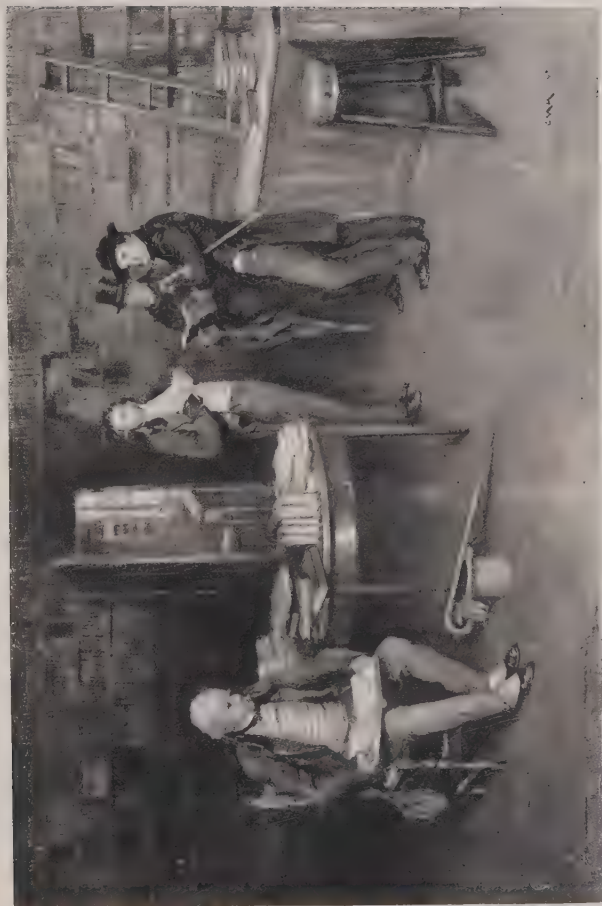
"Being in this curious fashion appointed as it were Ambassador between two Kings of Poetry, I would willingly discharge my mission with the solemnity that beseems such a business, and naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous, to think that, by means of a Foreigner whom I have never seen, I might now have access to my native Sovereign, whom I have so often seen in public and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private and near at hand.—Till Whitsunday I continue to reside here; and shall hope that some time before that period I may have opportunity to wait on you, and, as my commission bore, to hand you these memorials in person."

Whether Sir Walter was offended at Goëthe not writing directly to him, or whether, as some aver, he had been warned by Jeffrey that Carlyle was a democrat, and should be kept at arm's length—for some reason the communication, though duly received, was not treated with Scott's usual urbanity. Carlyle, when quitting Edinburgh for Craigenputtock, wrote again to Scott, informing him that he had handed the medals to Jeffrey, and he communicated the fact to Goëthe on 25th September, 1828.

"Sir Walter Scott has received your medals several months ago—not through me directly, for he had not returned to Edinburgh when I left it, but through Mr. Jeffrey, our grand 'British Critic'; to whom, as I learn, Sir Walter expressed himself properly sensible of such an honour from one of his masters in Art."

It has been said that the unanswered letters were the cause of Carlyle writing, as some critics contend, somewhat disparagingly of Scott, but this assumption is scarcely warrantable, as the essay abounds with passages of ungrudging admiration, and for a serious attempt to estimate Scott's genius it ranks second to none in literature.

It is to be regretted that these two great men never met to converse with one another. They were once confronted with each other in Tait's book-shop in Princes Street. Carlyle happened to be there when Sir Walter came in* and asked for a copy of Horace from which he wished to extract a quotation. "He sat down," says Dr. David Aitken, "took the volume—a handsome quarto—on his knee, and began turning over the leaves, but struck with Carlyle's conversation, every now and then he looked over at him, as if saying to himself, 'He is a kenspeckle-looking chiel that; I wonder who he is!'"



TAIT'S BOOKSHOP

Carlyle never referred to this incident in after life, in fact, it faded completely from his memory, as in his declining years he told his niece, the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, that he had only once heard Scott utter two words. Strolling along Princes Street with Lord Jeffrey, they met Scott returning from the Court. Jeffrey stopped and spoke, and, as Carlyle moved on, he overheard Sir Walter say, "How's Missy?"—"Missy" being Jeffrey's only daughter.

To have seen the Author of *Waverley* in his best days passing along Princes Street on an afternoon was something to be remembered. Many eyes were turned respectfully towards him, and nearly every man that he met uncovered his head. Carlyle relates how even his wife's little dog Shandy never saw him but he would run, leaping, frisking, and licking Scott's feet,—“The good Sir Walter looked down at the little animal, smiled, and then passed on.” But alas! the last time Carlyle saw Scott's fine Scotch face, “with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, on the Edinburgh streets, it was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow.”

The efforts Sir Walter had made to free himself

from debt were beginning now to tell on him ; but he would toil on, as he considered his time not his own, but his creditors'. He was only sixty years of age, but premature decay in the form of slight shocks of paralysis became manifest, and he was compelled to lay aside his work, and try what a winter abroad would do to restore his failing health.



One of His Majesty's ships, the "Barham," was under orders to sail for Malta, and it was placed at his disposal. After a short stay at Valetta he crossed to Naples, and from there travelled to Rome, where he resided for a month in the Casa Bernini. The Italians have shown their appreciation of his writings

by inserting a tablet with an inscription under the window of the room he occupied. On his way north from Rome to Venice, the snow and the pines on the mountains recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them.

"The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott," writes Carlyle: "on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes."

His longing for home made him wish to travel by night as well as by day, and the fatigue of the journey enfeebled him so much that when London was reached he was in an almost unconscious condition.

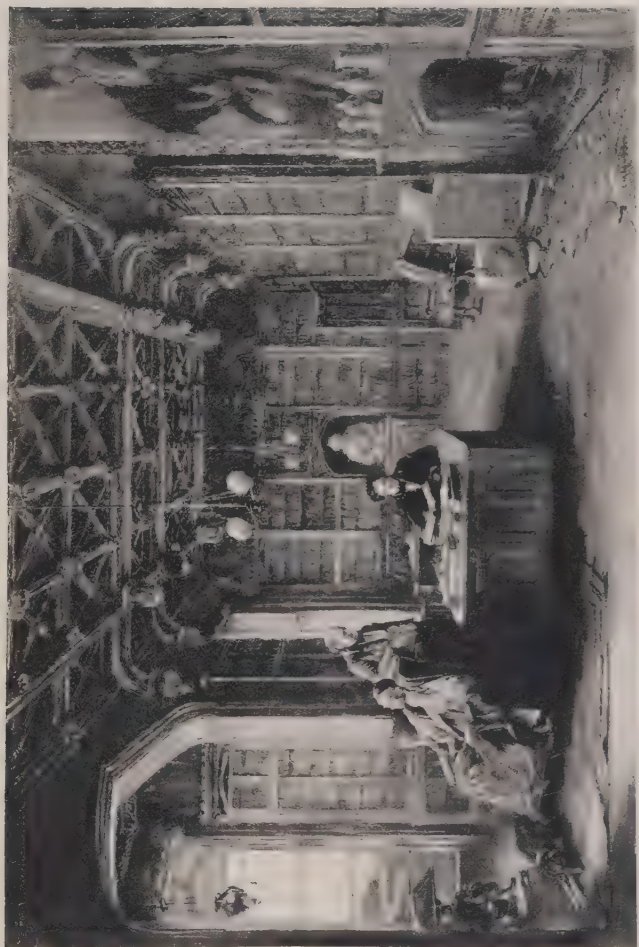
After a rest of some duration the melancholy northward journey was resumed, and he was conveyed by sea to Edinburgh, the last night in his own romantic town being spent in the Douglas Hotel, St. Andrew's Square. The sight of home revived him momentarily, and as the carriage descended the Vale of Gala he began to murmur a name or two, "Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee," and on his own towers coming in sight, he sprang up with a cry of delight,

"so that," says Lockhart, "it took all the power of myself, the doctor, and the man-servant to keep him in the carriage."

The late Mr. Donaldson, minister of Kirkconnel, tells how, happening at that time to be on a visit to a college companion at Selkirk, he and his friend met the carriage ascending the road near Abbotsford, and on looking in, he saw an old white-haired man, with his head lying back on the cushions, whom he instantly recognized as the man whom his father had pointed out to him, when a boy in Edinburgh, as the renowned Sir Walter Scott.

It is the closing scene which always makes the deepest impression; and though the last days of Scott's life are painful indeed to read of, yet they are told by Lockhart in a manner so graphic and impressive, that it is impossible to omit a few extracts from his touching chronicle:

"Something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on his grandchildren and the dogs, their companions, now and then admiring the house, the screen of the



ABBOTSFORD.

garden, and the flowers and trees. He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. 'I have seen much,' he kept saying, 'but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more!'

"Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, 'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'

"On another occasion he requested to be taken into his study and placed at his desk. When he found himself in the old position, he smiled and said, 'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but, composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter after a little while again dropt into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he, 'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself; get me to bed, that's the only place.' . . .

"About half-past one, p.m., on Friday, the 21st September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over

its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Sis

Richardson and Sons Company, here this Wednesday the 25th inst. at one o'clock afternoon to attend the funeral of his father from my father from the house to the Burial ground on Dryburgh Abbey, with oblige

Yours most obed. Serv^t

Abbotsford 22 September
1832.

Walter Scott

The news of the death, though long expected, created a profound sensation throughout the country, and Scotland felt that a sun had set.

Notice.

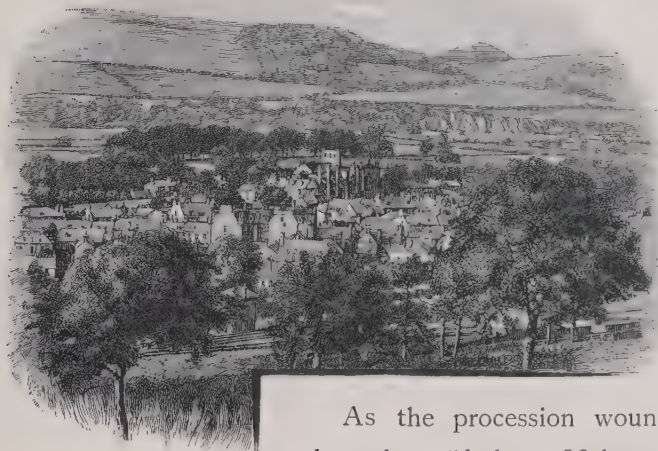
As a mark of devout esteem and respect to the memory of the late Mr Walter Scott Esq: it is requested that the shops in Melrose and Darnley may be shut from a quarter past one till half past two o'clock to morrow and that the Church Bells should toll from the time the funeral procession reaches Melrose Bridge till it reaches the Village of Newstead.

Walter

Melrose. Tuesday 25 Sept. 1832.

Invitations to the funeral were issued to high and low, and the last honours were paid five days

afterwards. Never was there beheld more intense feeling than when the funeral passed through the intervening villages and hamlets, the very hills being covered with mourners.



As the procession wound
through "holy Melrose,"

whose Abbey has now become universally known, the inhabitants closed their shops. The town is about equidistant between Abbotsford and Dryburgh, but it is the latter half of the road, which lies beyond the hamlet of Newstead, where the scenery is the most striking and impressive. Had Turner been present, we might have had a poetic picture of the

cortege crossing the Tweed at Leaderfoot bridge, or stopping on the crest of Bemerside hill, where from the summit there breaks upon the traveller that far-reaching view of the Borderland which Scott used always to rein up his horse to admire.



In the immediate foreground is the richly wooded valley of the Tweed, opposite rise the triple peaks of Eildon, while in the far distance can be discerned the forest hills of Ettrick and Yarrow.

With truth can it be said of this landscape what Byron said of the Rhine :

“ More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days.”

In the heart of the land he has made enchanted Sir Walter lies buried, and no more appropriate locality could have been found for his hallowed resting-place than the Premonstratensian Abbey of Dryburgh, secluded among yew trees almost as ancient as itself, and girt by a semicircular sweep of the Tweed :

"Tweed loves it well, and turns again
As loath to leave the sweet domain."

Dryburgh was founded a little later than the other Abbeys of the Borders, and dates from the middle of the twelfth century. It suffered at the hands of Edward II. and Richard II., and finally was destroyed by the English in 1544. Thereafter, in 1560, the Abbots feued a portion of their lands to the Haliburtons of Newmains, and about a century later the ruins of the Abbey passed into the possession of this ancient Berwickshire family.

Scott, through his paternal grandmother, was the lineal representative of the barons of Newmains, so Dryburgh would have descended to Sir Walter by inheritance, had it not been for the folly of one of the family—"a silly weak man"—who, through

injudicious trading, became bankrupt and had to part with the Abbey. "The ancient patrimony," says Scott, "was sold for a trifle, and my father, who might have purchased it with ease, was dissuaded by my grandfather from doing so, and thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh but the right of stretching our bones there."

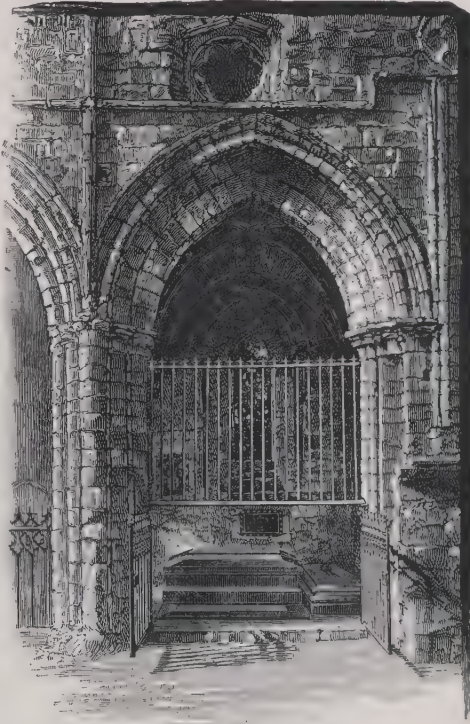
This right of sepulture in St. Mary's Aisle was granted to Scott's father and his two uncles by the Earl of Buchan in 1791, and a red sandstone tablet was inserted in the wall underneath the lancet window, on which was recorded the gift.

HUNC LOCUM SEPULTURÆ
D. SENESCHALLUS BUCHANIE COMES
GUALTERO, THOMÆ, ROBERTO SCOTT
HALIBURTONI NEPOTIBUS CONCESSIT
A.D. MDCCXCI.

In his will Sir Walter directed his remains to be laid before the high altar of Dryburgh in what he calls "my Aisle," but the space available was so small that (according to Dr. Chambers, who witnessed the interment) the body of the "Great Minstrel of the Border" had to be placed north and south, and not eastward, facing the Advent Dawn.

For some years afterwards there was no outward

memorial save the ivied arch of the aisle. A sketch for a monument was drawn by Sir Francis Chantrey, who, apprehending that at some future time the overhanging ruins might crumble, recognized the necessity of making a very heavy slab, so that the grave below might be protected from injury. This design, extended by Allan Cunningham, was put into execution in



1847, and a massive granite block in the shape of a sarcophagus marks Sir Walter's burial-place.

“And so,” in the words of Carlyle, “the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. It can be said of him: When he departed, he took a Man’s life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

“Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell!”



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"Summ'd up and closed in little,"

T

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